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# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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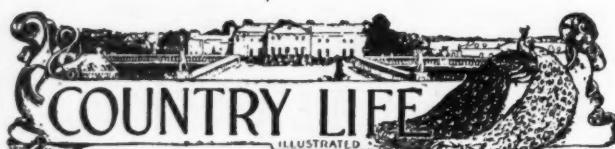
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Titchfield Road, N.W.



**THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE NEW TAXATION.

**S**TURDY common-sense was the chief feature of the Budget of 1901. The proposals of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach are meeting with some adverse criticism; but that was inevitable. If money has to be raised, someone has to pay, and it is human nature to grumble. But it is not easy to suggest how the Chancellor of the Exchequer could have done better. Let us look at his proposals one by one, beginning with the new duty on sugar. We have never felt much sympathy with those who lamented the decay of the refining industry, and called aloud for a tax heavier than has been imposed. The Bounty System of France and Germany, though it has ruined the Jamaica plantations, is radically unsound, and therefore beneficial to us and hurtful to those who adopted it. Jamaica itself has found a new opening, and the cheapness of sugar in this country has called into existence a new and important industry. It has caused England to become jam-maker to the world. Those great factories for, in one way or another, preserving fruit, that have sprung up during the last ten or fifteen years have given employment to more hands and yielded a greater return on capital than sugar refining ever did,

so that as a retaliatory measure the new tax would have been a mistake. It is founded upon a different principle—that of asking the whole nation, which has over and over again endorsed the war policy of the Government, to share in the expense. No way of doing that was practicable except taxing an article of general consumption, since the days of capitation imposts are past, and no one could seriously think of extending the income tax downward till it touched even the wages of the day labourer. Sugar was a very suitable article for the purpose, being cheap and generally consumed. A tax upon it must come from the nation as a whole. Nor can we see that it infringes upon any accepted principle of finance, for in practical politics no principle is carried out to the very letter. The breakfast-table, for instance, could never be said to be free as long as tea paid an import duty, and any abstract objection made to the taxation of sugar must apply equally to tea. Nor, though Free Traders in name, are we absolutely so, since that would imply the abolition of all tariffs, and there are certain articles which no Chancellor of the Exchequer has ever suggested should be made duty free. It has, indeed, been irresponsibly proposed that we should tax the articles we produce at home when they are imported, such as corn and beef, and admit duty free those which the climate of Britain does not suit, as wines and tobacco; but this has invariably emanated from interested quarters, and never has come within the sphere of serious discussion. Another advantage of this impost is that it widens the basis of revenue. Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have pointed out the continuous growth of the amount that has to be raised annually, and the contraction of the sources whence it is drawn. There was an outcry when the Estimates reached a million, and we may live to see them rise to two millions.

Logically, Sir Michael's addition of twopence to the income-tax is indefensible. Originally meant for a war tax, it has been systematically kept at a high level to provide the ordinary revenue in time of peace, and those who pay it are quite justified in asking that it should be either one thing or another. If, as seems to be the case, income tax is now regarded as a fixed source of revenue in the quietest times, it seems unfair that it should also be regarded as a chief resource against emergency. But here, as elsewhere, the strict rules of logic will not apply. The theory of "taxable capacity" may not be altogether sound, and it undoubtedly results in the penalisation of those who by superior intelligence and enterprise contribute most to the welfare of the country by setting new factories in motion, thus providing work and wages for more men. Yet in the present state of public opinion the Chancellor of the Exchequer who set himself against it would be beating his head against a stone wall. The one balances the other. Income-tax payers will be less inclined to grumble when they find the others called upon to bear a share, and the poor consumer of sugar may reflect that the man in a better position contributes an additional impost.

The imposition of a shilling a ton duty on exported coal was a more interesting feature of the Budget. It, too, comes under the ban of those who are over-ridden by formulæ. On general principles the taxation of exports is condemned, and so a hubbub has already been raised in some portions of the Press over the matter. But we cannot see that it is backed by any good or sufficient reason. Coal stands on a footing different from any other export, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach very properly described it as the very life-blood of the nation. It is in the nature of capital. The supply may be large, but it is rigidly limited, and once a ton is taken out of the ground it never can be replaced. To the factories on which Great Britain subsists it is a necessity, and nearly all periods of depression can be traced to the enhancement of its price. The busy mill, the crowded train, the active factory feel as if a brake had been put on as soon as the price of fuel is raised. Welsh anthracite especially stood in need of protection. Here is a material that on account of its smokelessness may decide the great Naval battles of the future, and of which our supply is very strictly limited indeed. Now it could only be by a most pedantic adherence to certain arbitrary rules, laid down by book economists, that we could go on selling on most favourable terms to those who any day may be employing against us this valuable material. The proposal of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach ought to receive the warmest support of all who have the interests of the country at heart. So small is the amount levied, that while it will yield a useful contribution to the revenue, it cannot in any way restrict or damage the coal trade.

What the Budget proposals mean to the average citizen may be put in very simple language. The sugar duty is carefully calculated so that it may be met by an addition of one halfpenny a pound to the price, and as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimates the average consumption at 56lb. a year (and it must be less among the poorer classes), it is evident that the tax does not mean the addition of many pence per week to the labouring man's Budget. We cannot imagine him grumbling at a share so light. The tax is expected to yield £5,100,000. It is hoped that the export duty on coal will fall on the foreigner, and in no case is it likely to touch the home consumer, unless in the way of cheapening coal. From

April 27th, 1901.]

this source it is reckoned that £2,100,000 will be obtained. The yield of the increased income-tax is calculated at £3,800,000 with £900,000 of arrears in the following year, which gives a total of £11,000,000, and Sir Michael proposes to borrow £60,000,000 on Consols. Now the question is whether he can do any better? Many who are engaged in agriculture will say yes, he might have introduced the principle of the Zollverein, or inter-Imperial trading, but this he pointedly refused to do. Sir Howard Vincent asked, *apropos* of the sugar duty, "Does my right hon. friend propose to except West Indian sugar?" And the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, "No, sir," which was equivalent to declaring there was to be no Zollverein. But if further tackled on the subject, he might very fairly reply that this was too important a matter to introduce by a mere side wind; that much careful consideration is required before we adopt so far-reaching a principle. If we look in other directions we do not very well see what he could have done. Certain portions of the community seem always to think, that when a difficulty arises the proper course is to increase the duties on beer and spirits, but during last year the consumption of these had decreased, in sympathy probably with the falling off in trade; and we seem to have reached a point at which increased duties will no longer result in a corresponding enlargement of revenue, and when that happens it would be unbusinesslike to pile on the duties out of a mere doctrinaire belief in the iniquity of the drink traffic. Other sources of revenue are at present in the same unfortunate position, and it would appear from a shrinkage in returns from the death duties that the millionaires have found out a way of escape from them. One feels sceptical about their future yield. On the whole, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach seems to have done as well as was possible under the circumstances.



**A**CCORDING to a morning contemporary, the King, before leaving for Sandringham, paid a visit to Burlington House, where he found Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Victoria surrounded by the usual complement of pictures. He caused the latter to be removed and the space draped in black. Quite apart from the significance of this as an act of filial piety, it might be taken as a valuable hint by the Hanging Committee. Of course it is quite impossible to show even remarkable pictures detached, but a little care would enable them to avoid the sad jumble of colours and shapes that gives such a confused and miscellaneous appearance to the walls of the Academy, and, what is worse, detracts so much from the artistic effect. It is surely not beyond possibility to arrange the pictures with some regard to harmony, or, at any rate, to avoid the rude contrasts which annually shock the eye.

The obituary of this week contains the names of two men who have no connection with one another except that which is established by the fact that they died almost together. Dr. Stubbs, most learned of bishops, fastidious, retiring, shy, lived his happiest hours among books. He was such a bishop as might have been specially created for Oxford—scholastic, poetic, beautiful Oxford. Of the soundest judgment and unrivalled authority in regard to the subjects he had made his own, Bishop Stubbs commanded the respect of all who knew him, and passed away at the ripe age of eighty-five as full of honour as of years. How could you find a greater antithesis than Dr. Tanner? Yet, though our feelings are different, they are also kindly to the gay and rowdy Irish member, who, as was generally recognised, had a sound heart under all his irresponsible ongoings. He possessed many of the virtues, as well as the rollicking harum-scarum ways, of the typical Irishman. May the turf lie lightly on his bones, and for epitaph let us take what was said of a worthy of earlier years, "There wasn't a bit of harm in him, not one bit."

The Budget is dealt with elsewhere, but one thing about it will cause many people to reflect. This is the enormous cost of

the war, no less than £148,000,000 having been expended since the beginning. It may be urged, of course, that distance is partly responsible, but when an allowance is made for that, we must still see how enormously expensive the great war of the future is likely to be. Were two first-class European Powers to come to loggerheads, both would be crippled for generations, and financial ruin would be the fate of the one that lost. A characteristic common to all new weapons and warlike implements is that they are extremely expensive. Field railways, telegraphs, and so on, appear simply to swallow money. Perhaps it is no bad thing that this has been demonstrated to the Powers; it may cause them to count the cost before engaging in any of the warfares of which there is so much foreboding and half-smothered muttering.

If any member of the British Empire fairly has earned a holiday, it surely has been Sir Alfred Milner, and yet there are not wanting some of the folks forming what is called the pro-Boer party in England to attribute his holiday-taking, as the French papers of a certain sort attribute it, to displeasure on the part of the Government, and a conviction on the part of Ministers that Sir Alfred Milner must be removed, as an obstacle to peace (as a kind of public nuisance, in fact) in South Africa. The real truth of the matter was very well put the other day by Lord Bath, in a speech at a dinner given to Mr. Nix, who lately sought in vain the suffrages of the Newton Abbot voters, to the effect that the persons in England more responsible for the prolongation of the war, more truly obstacles to peace, than any others were the so-called "Stop the War" committee, society, or whatever they please to call themselves. If there be one man above all other civilians who has deserved well of his country in this sad business it is Sir Alfred Milner.

The country will note with great satisfaction that the King and the War Office have been examining the service outfit of the German soldier of more than one rank. The disproportion between the cost of uniforms in the British and German Armies respectively is a point that presses home. It is very true, of course, that the cost of the officer's uniform is not met by the taxpayers, but no doubt the cost is an item in the calculation by which his pay is fixed, and in the case of all below the rank of commissioned officers it is the taxpayers who "pay the piper" directly. Efficiency is a quality that no one, in the present temper of the nation, is likely to wish to be sacrificed for economy, but it has never been contended that the German soldier's equipment, while costing about half as much as our own, is at all inferior to it in efficiency. The opposite, indeed, is claimed, and with some justice, both for the German and other continental uniforms.

Germany seems fated to suffer peculiar misfortunes in the course of piecing together the pernicious Chinese puzzle. In the fire at the Pekin Palace her representative was singled out to pay the penalty to the outraged genius of the sacred place; and it was but narrowly that Count von Waldersee escaped with his life. It would have been far more than a national misfortune for Germany—a misfortune not less than world-wide—had the Commander-in-Chief of the Allies thus lost his life in this fire, which seems, so far as we can tell, to have been occasioned by mere accident.

The news that dribbles in from the seat of war, if indeed war be not now too big a name for it, consists of a series of small surprises. The surprises are small, but they are significant. In other periods of the war there were surprises more than enough, but there was this difference, that then we were the victims of these surprises, whereas now the Boers are the victims. Surprises depend on absence of information on the part of the persons surprised that the surprising event was imminent. The significance of the victims of the surprises being now the Boers instead of ourselves is, that it is now the Boers who are moving through a country of enemies, and not Britons. While the inhabitants were our enemies, every information was at the service of the Boers and denied to us. Now the information is for us and its withholding for our enemies. The significance of this state of things is very great.

The Anglo-American Chess Match is an event always looked forward to with interest, and this year caused more than the usual anxiety, because if the Americans had won, the trophy presented by Sir George Newnes would have passed into their keeping. They just missed doing so, and the match ended in a draw. A feature that will be regretted was the defeat of Mr. Blackburne. He has opposed Mr. Pillsbury on every occasion since the first contest took place in 1896, and never before has been defeated, several of the games between these eminent players rating as of the first class. On this occasion the English champion was very reluctant to play at all. He has been out of health for some time past, and thus was placed at a great

disadvantage as compared with his young and vigorous opponent. The composition of the English team was not beyond criticism, and it was freely asked by the spectators why Mr. Lawrence was not included. He has for several years been champion of the City, the premier club, and never played better in his life than during the season just ended. It cannot be said that the team was fairly representative of English strength at chess.

To-day, at Bolton, the Tottenham Hotspurs and the Sheffield United will again fight out the issue between them, with, let us hope, a more decisive result than was obtained in London. They cannot possibly expect more favourable conditions. Here they had an April day that might have been stolen from June, and the ground, that for weeks had been a mass of mud, was sufficiently dry and firm to make the game enjoyable. Lastly, they had the inspiration of a crowd such as probably never before assembled to witness a "final." Over 114,000 people passed the turnstiles. One of our contemporaries has tried to mock and gibe at the spectators because the respective teams represented nothing but the money-bags of those who run them. Of the Tottenham team five hailed from the Land of Cakes, two from dear little Wales, and one from the distressed country, while Cumberland, Cheshire, and Lancashire gave the other three among them. It was not local patriotism that brought out the spectators, therefore, but only the English desire to see a well-fought contest. Sport for sport's sake is the watchword of the average Briton, and we hope it will remain so. The occasion was not one making the slightest call for a jeremiad.

In connection with a recent article in *COUNTRY LIFE* dealing with the oyster fishery at Arcachon, a correspondent obligingly sends the following statistical particulars of the fishery in 1900: There were in the Arcachon Basin in that year 5,867 "parks," as the divisions of the oyster-beds are called, which produced for market 318,990,000 oysters, including both those which were sold locally and those that were sent away for sale. In all, the value of the produce for the year amounted to 3,408,304fr.—a very considerable industry. The note is added, in the communication sent by our correspondent, that "dans ce nombre, les portugaises figurent pour le chiffre de 2,535,000 huîtres, représentant la valeur 22,470fr."

One of the most cruel stories that we have read for a long while is that of the remarkable find of guineas, some fifty in number, by two little girls at play in a garden of the village of Luddington, near Goole, in Lincolnshire. It is a fine marshy country that conceals excellently well any secret committed to its keeping. Here these little girls found one of the guineas lying on the grass, and called their mother. The soil was dug up, when about fifty, as said above, were discovered. At this very pleasant point in the story, when all was merry as a marriage-bell, the inevitable marplot of all children's best devices swoops down in the shape of the police and the law, claiming the guineas as "treasure trove" for the Crown. It is a hard case. The guineas were in a fine state of preservation. Their date is 1774 and later, and no doubt they must have belonged to some former owner of the house, pulled down last year, which stood in the garden where the little girls found the guineas of which the hard law despoiled them. The present is distinctly an age of scientific gardening, but few gardens produce crops of this value.

There is not the slightest doubt that those of us who drive about in the country, and complain that our horses are frightened by the motor-cars, have ourselves, in very large measure, to thank for our horses', and perhaps our own, fright. None of us is so far removed from the home of a motor-car that we cannot send our horses over to have a feed of corn beside it, and so grow accustomed to the strange thing; and no owner of a motor-car is so churlish that he would not give permission for our horses to go to his stables and receive this lesson. If we had but the energy to see that this was done once or twice, our horses would soon grow used to the motors. In the French towns they have already learned to take no notice of them.

The scheme of M. Bellot des Minières, as communicated to the *Gironde*, for protecting vines against spring frosts, is one of which the working (and M. des Minières is, we understand, a practical vine-grower, as well as theorist) deserves to be watched by others as well as those gardeners whose interest is confined to vines. His assumption is that the chief injury is done to the vines by the early sun falling upon them while still under the influence of the frost; and this is in accord with practical experience. His proposition is to light bonfires, giving off a thick black smoke, in the early morning. The smoke acts as a screen from the sun's rays, and also as a warm covering. By the time that it is dispelled the vines will have adapted themselves to the change of temperature, thus made

gradual instead of violent, and will take no harm when the sun's rays pierce it. All this is not mere theory, but is proved to be of value by long-continued experiments made by M. des Minières himself. And that which is of value for the vine should be of value for other floral produce also.

The Postmaster-General of New Zealand is a man who is able to get himself out of a difficulty in a very smart manner. When the penny post was established in his colony the Australians refused to fall in with the arrangement, and surcharged each letter three-halfpence. Naturally enough writers did not wish to put their correspondents to this extra charge, and went back to the old twopence halfpenny. But the Postmaster-General was equal to the occasion. He told his people to put the usual penny stamp on, and the Government would add the additional three-halfpence, which, as was said, would cost nothing beyond the cost of printing. It was a clever idea, and its adoption will no doubt help on the day of a general penny postage for Australasian letters.

Hurry is not possible in the office of the Registrar-General, and his sixty-second annual report, lately issued, deals only with 1899. The results are curious, and may be summarised as more marriages and fewer births. The number of marriages registered was 262,334, or 16·5 to every thousand of population—the highest rate since 1876. It can easily be accounted for by the great commercial activity of the year. Prosperity and weddings go hand-in-hand. Another singular fact that emerges from a study of the figures is the growing dislike of widows and widowers to try a second venture. Six times as many bachelors as widowers married in 1871-75, but in 1899 they outnumbered them by ten to one. In 1871-75 the spinsters who married were nine times the number of widows, but in 1899 they were fourteen times. Why is it, we wonder, that they who have once escaped from the holy bonds of matrimony are growing more reluctant to enter them again? A time is evidently coming when old Weller's "Beware of widders, Sammy!" will cease to bear the force of a proverb.

But the gravest and most significant fact in the report is that it records the lowest birth-rate. In 1899 the number of children who came into the world was 928,646, or equal to a rate of 29·3 for every 1,000 persons living. This is below what was recorded the previous year, which had the unenviable distinction of being the lowest. Foreign critics have long had an eye on this feature of English statistics, and reckon it an infallible sign of decay; but they are probably wrong. Some of the greatest hardships of the working classes used to spring from early and prolific marriages, and if the decrease could be clearly traced to this cause there would be little need to lament it. Unfortunately, it seems clear that upper and middle class women show an increased disinclination to become mothers of many children. We shall, of course, be better able to understand the question when the census returns are digested and analysed. The Royal Statistical Society, it may be hoped, will devote some energy to a full elucidation of the facts. In the meantime, political thinkers look not without uneasiness on the growth of German population and the steady decrease of the English birth-rate. We used to hear a good deal about the decay of the Latins, but it would be extremely disagreeable to learn that the Anglo-Saxons were following in their wake. Yet it is indisputable that our people are becoming sterile even in Australia and South Africa, and that the Teutons thrive amain.

It is a little startling to hear an ex-member of the House of Commons putting in a plea for the village stocks. Nevertheless, the difficulties presented by the "Children's Bill," and a laudable desire not to make the innocent lover of a glass of wholesome beer suffer for his fellow-man whose affection for intoxicating beverages is not under perfect control, provoked a little anecdote from the veteran ex-M.P. for North Norfolk. It was a reminiscence of his childhood. He was proceeding with his father to church one Sunday morning, when he saw a man emerge from the village "pub" in a state of noisy drunkenness. His father, who was churchwarden, and a man of much influence, promptly proceeded to pop the gentleman into the stocks, which stood conveniently near the church gates, and left him there during service, which in those days lasted a considerable time. When the congregation streamed out the prisoner was penitent and sober. "It did him more good, perhaps," continued Mr. Clare Sewell Read, "than if he had been given three weeks at the county gaol, or had had to pay a fine of forty shillings, in which case his wife and children would have been the sufferers." The occasion of this anecdote was the ventilating of clerical views on the Temperance question during the Church Conference at Norwich.

There is no doubt that when we are discussing any of our sports or pastimes we are far too apt to look at the matter exclusively from the point of the first-rate performer, and of the pastime under its most exalted conditions. It is in this way that

most people, so far, have approached the question of giving umpires the right of declaring the batsman out if he stops with his leg the ball that would otherwise have taken his wicket, irrespective of the ball's pitch. The proposal is to do away with the present clause limiting the leg before wicket penalty to the ball that pitches between the wickets, and it is a proposal that always is discussed from the point of view of its effect on the cricket at Lord's. But all cricket is not played at Lord's, nor are all umpires men of experienced wisdom and skilled judgment. If it is doubtful whether much extended power can safely be given to umpires at Lord's, how very much more than doubtful whether it can be committed to the umpire of the village green! Yet there is a deal more village cricket than first-class cricket. We would point out to the authorities, with

much respect, that it is a national interest that is in their keeping, and ask them to bear in mind the village cricketer as well as the first-class man at Lord's.

Very discouraging are the reports about the New Forest pony breeding. The introduction of a better class of mare has not been attended with any good result, and it was stated at the recent meeting of agisters and verderers that the better class was not able to thrive in the conditions of life in the Forest. It is hard to credit that the pasture can have so little nourishment that a strong race of cobs cannot be nurtured on it; but so the fact seems to be. In view of the certainty of an increased demand for horses for military uses in the immediate future this is especially unfortunate.

## THE STORY OF ANCIENT BRIDGES.

**L**ONDON BRIDGE is to be widened by adding a granite corbeling on each side of the roadway. Models of the alteration as it will appear have been made, and it is believed that no serious injury will be done to the correct and good proportions of the bridge. This is more than can be said for the result of widening some other famous old bridges, a matter which needs most careful consideration and professional knowledge. We may expect that in such cases the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings will be willing to give advice and suggestions gratis to those who care to consult it. As a flagrant example of what happens when local bodies "go it blind" in matters of this kind, we may point to the sad disfigurement of Bideford Bridge, one of the classics of its kind, and famous in Devonshire story.

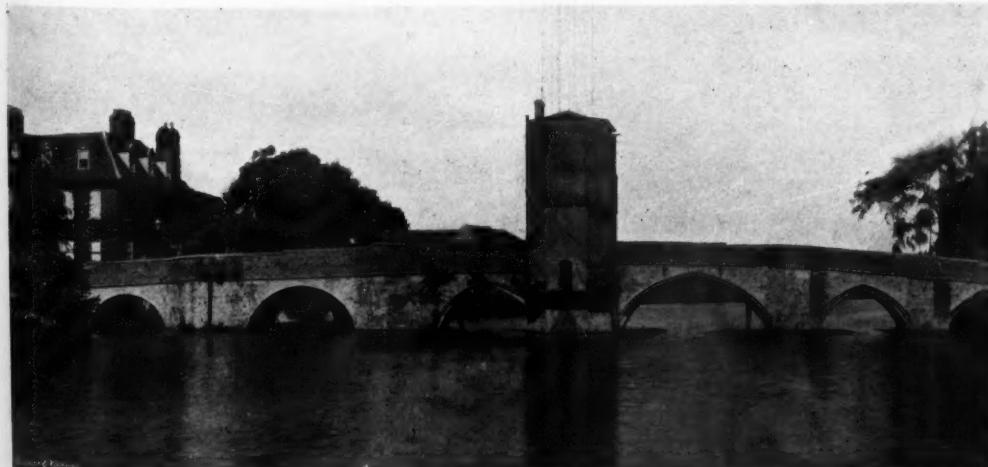
This bridge was built by Sir Theobald Grenville in the fourteenth century. Long before the Reformation came to upset ancient ideas, it was discovered, to the great vexation of all good citizens, that the bridge piers were giving way and becoming disintegrated by the double flow of river and tide. By a natural impulse the townsmen held a feast, it being deemed in Devon in those days that the more you ate and drank the more thankful you showed yourself for mercies vouchsafed, and the more likely you were to receive some illumination later on questions of doubt and difficulty. The first feast was not a success; no one had any brilliant ideas next day, and the bridge piers looked worse than ever. It was quite clear that they would go altogether if something were not done for them, and still the people were almost unanimous in thinking that the assistance ought to come from Providence; so they had another religious banquet on a larger scale than the first, and ate and drank so much to the honour and glory of God and the saints, that when they got home no one felt any doubt that a direct interposition of Providence would occur quickly enough to save the bridge. Nor were they disappointed. The very next morning, rather late, for they had to sleep off the effects of the previous day's religious excesses, when they went to lean over the bridge as usual, they saw that something had happened to the piers. They were covered with little black objects, looking like lumps of tar, or black flint chips. Some of them took a boat and went to look closer. They found that the rotting and loosened stones of the piers were covered from high to low water mark with young mussels and that the tough threads, or byssus, by which the mussels hold on had covered, encircled, and netted in, as if by nets of steel wire, all the unsound portions of the piers. These are still protected by the mussels, but in widening the bridge a hideous flange of iron has been run out



Valentine. MILL BRIDGE, FOUNTAINS ABBEY. Copyright

on either side, making a convenient way for foot passengers, but quite out of keeping with the old design.

The situation of a bridge becomes in time a fixture. By no thinkable cause could it be taken away and set up elsewhere. A town grows up on the river bank, and the bridge is the continuation of the high street, a main artery prolonged across the water. Then it becomes a geographical fact and a kind of natural feature, like a pass through mountains or a strait in the sea, where great historical actions happen not once but again and again in the history of a nation. London Bridge, with its story dating back from the days of Henry II., its single combats and battles, is, perhaps, the most striking of any, though it cannot compare for the series of striking actions

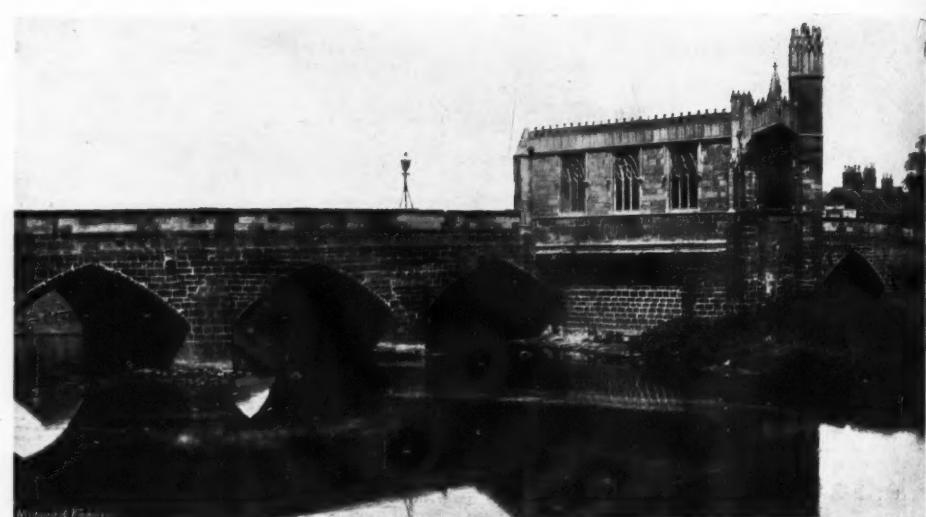


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ST. IVES BRIDGE AND CHAPEL.

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enacted on it with the bridges over the Tiber. A structure indissolubly connected with a scene of intense excitement and highly-wrought action in English history is the ancient and beautiful bridge over the river Calder at Wakefield in Yorkshire. On one side of the bridge, on a projection of one of the piers, stands a beautifully decorated little chapel, with a proper nave and chancel, the whole 41ft. long, and 17ft. wide in the interior. Of this "goodly chapel of Our Lady," Leland, who was there in 1538, or only seventy-eight years after the events of which he heard the current story, says : "These things I especially noted in Wakefield—the fair bridge of stone, of nine arches, under which runneth the river Calder; and on the east side of this bridge is a right goodly chapel of Our Lady (it is now called St. Mary's Chapel), and two cantuary priests founded in it, of the foundation of the townsmen, as some say. But the Dukes of York were taken as founders for obtaining the mortmain. I heard one say that a servant of King Edward's (the fourth) father, or else of the Earl of Rutland, brother to King Edward IV., was a great doer of it. There was a sore



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WAKEFIELD BRIDGE AND CHAPEL.

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battle fought in the south fields by this bridge; and in the flight of the Duke of York's party, either the Duke himself or his son, the Earl of Rutland, was slain above the bars, beyond the bridge going up into the town of Wakefield, that standeth fully upon a clyving ground. At this place is set up a cross in *rei memoriam*. The common saying is there, that the Earl would have taken a poor woman's house for succour, and she for fear shut the door and straight the Earl was killed. The Lord Clifford for killing of men at this battle was called the butcher."

Probably the first conjecture in Leland's tale is the more correct. The chapel is older in the style of its architecture than the days of Edward IV. It was probably built in the days of Edward III., or redecorated then. Unfortunately it was again nearly rebuilt in 1847, and the new material used was not of the hardy Yorkshire kind which resists the mordant qualities of West Riding air. There was a priest's chamber down in the crypt, and in the front five spaces having in them stone figures representing the Annunciation, the birth of Jesus, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon his disciples.

It has been suggested in previous articles on our ancient bridges that most of those surviving have been widened at one time or another, just as Magdalen Bridge at Oxford was quite recently, to the horror of Mr. Ruskin, to whom ever afterwards it

was an eyesore, and Kew Bridge is being widened to-day. In the Middle Ages very much of the traffic was entirely confined to foot passengers and pack-horses. Examples of the narrow pack-horse bridges remaining in the North have appeared in these pages. But there were always waggons for the farms and wheeled carriages for ladies of rank, so that probably a good bridge was made wide enough to take a single cart over. It is known that Wakefield Bridge was twice widened, and that its present dimensions, 33ft., are more than double the original. The oldest part is that adjoining the chapel, with pointed arches and chamfered ribs.

The feoffees of the common lands of Rotherham in Yorkshire have just appointed a committee to enquire into the condition of the ancient bridge chapel there. This chapel was for two centuries used as a gaol, and is now let as a private cottage and tobacconist's shop. A petition is being got up in favour of its restoration, which had received 1,000 signatures at the time of writing.

It was stated in the local paper that this and Wakefield are the only two bridge chapels left in England. This is incorrect. There is a very good one at St. Ives, Huntingdon, and a small one at Bradford-on-Avon in Wiltshire. There was a celebrated



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ROTHERHAM BRIDGE AND CHAPEL.

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chapel on the Ouse Bridge at York. The connection between bridges and religious sentiments is easily understood, though we never had a semi-religious order of bridge-builders as in France. This order was called the Fratres Poutis. They wore a white dress, with the badge of a bridge and a cross on the breast, and they built the famous bridges at Avignon and St. Esprit, over the Rhine, in 1471.

C. J. CORNISH.

## ON THE GREEN.

**H**OYLAKE very nobly vindicated the honour of Lancashire on the unfortunate Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. Hoylake, to be sure, is in Cheshire, geographically, but most of the golfing strength (and strong it is) shown on the Hoylake green is equally at home in Lancashire. After all, it is the green of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, and Liverpool sounds like Lancashire. After defeating Lytham St. Anne and Formby, the society may have gone with some high hopes to Hoylake. But they can scarcely have left it with absolute elation. Some of the members suffered terrible things. To be sure Mr. Hilton, with all respect to Mr. Low, is the stronger golfer of that pair, but the difference between them, with all respect, this time, to Mr. Hilton, is not accurately measured by the nine holes by which Mr. Hilton won on the first round. It is more than enough. Again, Mr. Laidlay is a very fine player, but eleven holes are many for him to have taken from Mr. Darwin on the two rounds. Mr. Bramston, too, scarcely needed to be as many as seven down to Mr. Graham. There was another eleven-hole victory, on the part of another Mr. Hilton, for Hoylake, and altogether the local side won by fifty-six holes to nine, of which Mr. Croome did well for his side in taking five. To be sure it was the local side that won—the side that had local knowledge in its favour; but granting all that, and also not denying that the side that was probably the stronger won, still one is hardly willing to believe that there ought to be all that difference



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between the teams, or that there would be so great a difference if the match were to be played over again. However, there the facts and figures stand—forty-seven holes to Hoylake's credit. It is a heavy business. It was business, too, of ill augury for the chances of Westward Ho! in the team match which seems to be an annual fixture, and out of which the North Devon Club has snatched a victory by a few holes at home, but has lost by many holes at the home of their enemies. Yet the leaders of the North Devon lot did fairly well. It was no great matter that Mr. Hilton should take four holes, out of thirty-six, from Mr. Bramston (though it is notable, by the way, how invariably Mr. Hilton has come out winner in these various team matches), nor was it very desperate that Mr. Buckland should lose four to Mr. Laidlay. Mr. Graham might very well gain a like number from Mr. Braybrooke, and Captain Prideaux Brune did not hurt his side much by dropping a hole to Mr. Low. But Mr. Scott, after winning the Kasimir Cup at Westward Ho!, had no need to lose five to Mr. Hutchings; and there were others, lower down the 1st, who suffered terrible losses. Mr. Holden, for Liverpool, had a ten-hole victory, Mr. Falk gained nine holes, Mr. Goold eight, and so on. Mr. Croome, again a winner on a losing side, gained a couple of holes for Westward Ho!, and these, with a single hole won by Mr. Elwes, were the sum total of North Devon's gains, to be set against fifty-four that Hoylake won. The balance is not hard to calculate, but distinctly painful to contemplate. Probably it is to be said, that the better side won. If there is consolation in the reflection, it may be noted that the best single round (and a very good round it was on the championship course) was a seventy-six by Mr. P. Winterscale.

J. Sherlock, the Oxford professional, always plays very well in the Midlands professional competitions, and has just won another of these events with what we must suppose to be two very good scores of seventy-eight each on the Atherstone course. At least they show great steadiness, and none of the other competitors, including the two Cawseys, Lewis of King's Norton, and Tom Williamson, seem to have made a single round equal to either of his. We ought to hear more of Sherlock than we do, in the bigger competitions.

Against the Formby Club the North Devon people did a deal better than against the more powerful club at Hoylake. Mr. Hilton again took four holes from Mr. Bramston, but this was on eighteen holes only. The amateur champion was round in seventy-five, which is wondrous good by all accounts of

the Formby course. The result of the team match was a win by a sufficient balance for the West Country club, and in the afternoon, in team foursome contests, North Devon won every match.

Next to Mr. Hilton, who, it is to be presumed, will start favourite for the amateur champion ship which he holds now, it seems as if Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Maxwell ought to be held to have best chances; yet Mr. Cecil Hutchison beat them both the other day in the Tantallon competition at North Berwick. Mr. Laidlay cannot have played with the sadness that brought him round in seventysix for the New Club's medal, but withal, at eighty-five, he was only a stroke behind Mr. Hutchison, and Mr. Maxwell was a stroke more again.

Taylor has scored the first success in the series of matches in which he and Vardon are likely to meet, now that both have settled that this side of the Atlantic is better than the other. The match last Saturday was a very close one, with some ups and downs of fortune. Taylor led at the end of two rounds of nine holes, but by the end of nine more Vardon had the advantage. In the final nine Taylor came right away from him. He appears to have shown the better staying power. But the course must have been distinctly in character, as in geographical position, inland, for we read of "long grass" and "tees" as prominent hazards.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**O**CCASIONALLY it is necessary to mention a book not for the purpose of recommendation, but as a protest against its publication, and this is so in the case of a work called "Confessions of a Poacher," by J. Connell (Pearsons). Probably the idea was taken from "The Amateur Poacher" of Richard Jefferies; but what a difference there is! Jefferies was first of all a writer, and this thing is done in the commonest journalism; the very magic of the fields hangs about the pages of the former, the latter smells vilely of Fleet Street. It was in light and sunshine that poaching was done at Coate, here it is generally in darkness, and with whisky bottles not far away, and the grimy talk of old offenders instead of the boyish sport and dream that make Jefferies record ever charming. Mr. Connell in one sense is very frank, since he mentions the very estates on which he poached and the police-courts where he paid fines, and yet he does so in a manner quite consistent with the circumstances having been put in to secure *vraisemblance*. There is much glorification of poaching at the expense of legitimate sport, but the following description of a "battue"—probably covert-shooting is meant—in its grotesque ignorance will show how slightly the author's anger is justified by any real know-edge:

"The battue may be described as a very modern and unsportsmanlike way of killing game. The old plan was to walk about in search of birds, and when they had been put up on ground of their own choosing to shoot them if possible. *The modern method is to enclose an area* (the italics are ours) *with hurdles or nets, converging towards a point which contains the only opening, to have the game driven by beaters to this point round which the guns are placed, and there massacre the victims wholesale."*

Surely Mr. Connell must write anonymously to the halfpenny Press sometimes. Nowhere else could we think of finding a parallel perversion to this.

He seems addicted to masquerading, for although trying to wear the disguise of a rascal poacher, he really does not know the lingo of the fraternity—they never by any chance say poacher, for instance—and at one place declares that he reads no books, but elsewhere tries to justify poaching by a reference to the hunting instinct, the survival of the fittest, and other tags dear to the literary hack. Or what passes for field-lore let this be taken as a sample: "Their (poachers) plan was to place the purse nets over the mouths of the rabbit-holes, push the broom—or, at any rate, the handle—into one of the holes, and rattle it about. By this means the rabbits were induced to bolt, and were caught in the nets." Actually the equally bright genius who illustrates this book has drawn a picture of a rustic poking a broomstick into one hole of a burrow while a rabbit is in the act of careering out of the other into a net. This is Stratford-atte-Bow with a vengeance! So is the exquisite reason given for the ease with which wounded hares are picked up, viz., that they are able to carry away more lead than are birds, an opinion that could not be expressed by anyone with the slightest claim to a knowledge of sport. Again, the description of making pheasants tipsy, on page 156, and the accompanying picture, emanate most decidedly from a Fleet Street imagination working on what is not understood, though most game-preservers are quite aware of the very little bit of truth exaggerated into this absurd scene. Needless to say, if the book had contained nothing beyond these foolish displays of ignorance, it would not have deserved even casual notice, but the author has put into his confessions many things calculated to have a mischievous effect. It is a book that ought not to have been either written, printed, or published.

Until the great and official biography of the late Queen appears, there is not likely to be published about her anything more authoritative and trustworthy than the little volume of Mr. Holmes, the librarian at Windsor, "Queen Victoria, 1819-1901" (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The publishers have now issued a new edition of it, with a portrait and supplementary chapter bringing the history to an end. So thoroughly were the public taken into confidence with regard to the last few weeks of Queen Victoria's existence, that little remained unknown, yet the book is very much improved by the graceful and clear summary with which it is now concluded. Perhaps the best bit in it is the following picture of the Queen as a worker:

"To the ordinary toiler come intervals of leisure and stated periods of repose. To the Queen these never came. By the placid waters of the Solent and the rushing stream of the Dee, the same rigorous routine was invariably pursued, and though as the years passed on the pressure of work increased, as the empire enlarged and family duties became heavier, yet no relaxation was allowed. No subject was too large, no detail too minute, for her attention."

"The *Dissenders*" (Lane), by Thomas Cobb, is designed somewhat on the lines of genteel parlour comedy. The characters are not very original—we have met with similar people elsewhere—but the little tangle in their lives which stands for plot is very simple and effective; the combinations are striking; and the manipulation of everyday circumstance is deft and realistic. Mrs. Farington, a grass-widow of attractions and uncertain age, was asked to give a temporary home to an orphan niece, Penelope Darnley, an ingenuous but self-willed girl of eighteen. The shelter was offered with many misgivings. There would be the probable interruption of old habits of living, and the contrast of a fresh young face always confronting her in the artistic gloom of her apartments. The maiden arrived, with an additional aggravation in the shape of a boyish admirer, Jack Pilcher, and his frequent visits to Miss Darnley her aunt found quite intolerable. The girl was snubbed and neglected, and she confided to her only friend Jack that—

"It was a little dull, though there are generally a lot of men about the house. There's only one I rather like—Mr. Munroe, the author, you know. But I am not encouraged in the drawing-room. Mr. Munroe is often there."

"Then," said Jack, "Mrs. Farington—well, she rather likes him, too!"

"Some of the others seem so utterly foolish, especially one man, Mr. Cusack, who never speaks, and always stares at my aunt."

The jarring between aunt and niece did not last long. Mrs. Farington disapproved so much of Jack, and had such an unpleasant temper, that she informed her guest frankly:

"I consented to receive you at great inconvenience, and I have never regretted anything so much in my life. . . . I shall be thankful when the day comes to get rid of you."

These words precipitated the catastrophe. Penelope had plenty of money and some friends in Paris, so she packed a box, shook off the dust of her feet on her aunt's doorstep, and coaxed the obedient Jack to escort her to Dover during her aunt's absence. When Mrs. Farington returned to hear of Miss Darnley's disappearance she pronounced it an elopement. Her horror was still further deepened by receiving a telegram from Penelope's uncle and guardian, announcing his calling that day to take charge of his niece. With the aid of rouge and sal volatile she survived her *mauvais quart d'heure*, and despatched Mr. Munroe to Dover to bring the girl back. Half-an-hour later she sent Mr. Cusack to Folkestone on the same errand, omitting to mention that his rival had already been commissioned to find Penelope. Mr. Cusack floundered from blunder to blunder, and the result was a rather farcical scene at Dover, where Mr. Munroe found himself accused of eloping with Miss Darnley; there was a fistfight argument, and the pair were brought back to London under Mr. Cusack's guard. To make matters worse, the zealous Cusack confided the whole tale, as he conceived it, to a friendly newspaper cad, who promptly made copy of it for his villainous journal, and next morning the scandal was all over London. Miss Darnley's guardian ordered Mr. Munroe to marry her, and the pair compromised the matter by agreeing to pretend that they were affianced, and so the dissembling began.

"In the presence of others we should appear as an orthodox engaged couple, but when we are alone we should drop back into the relation of acquaintances—perhaps," Leslie Munroe added, "I might say friends."

"Oh, yes," she answered gravely.

"There ought to be one trifling condition; you mustn't throw me over after a few days; that would defeat our end. You must make up your mind to give me a fair trial."

"Penelope gazed a little wistfully into his face. 'What would be the end of it all?' she asked.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Oh, quite," she assented.

We will follow the plot no further. What came of it all, and where Jack Pilcher was, our readers may find out for themselves. The book is bright and amusing, with no trace of anything morbid or unhealthy.

Count Sternberg's name was at one time prominently before the public, and in no very agreeable light, yet his book "*My Experiences of the Boer War*" (Longmans) is one of the most interesting accounts yet written of campaigning on the veldt. The count is very frank, and shows that he was the Dugald Dalgetty of the situation, a soldier of fortune, untroubled by any liking for one side more than the other. His first intention was to join the English army, and for that purpose he came to London, but when he found that his services were not wanted by us, he promptly offered them to the enemy. Among the Boers what he sought chiefly was excitement, but being a trained soldier his military observations are always of value. Personally he reveals himself as a very companionable man, he never fails to notice whether a Boer woman is pretty or the reverse, he keeps a book for writing poetry, has a healthy appetite, an unquenchable thirst, and a capital eye for landscape. One sees him enjoying ideal happiness listening to an Italian band at Delagoa Bay. "Real good extra dry Pommery on my tongue, 'Martha,' 'Norma,' 'Funicula,' in my ear, it was a most delightful moment of my life." At Johannesburg he had to mourn that he could get nothing to drink, but the same day he is in the private bar of the Pretoria Hotel "compensating myself for my abstemiousness." He arrived too late and was captured too soon to obtain any lengthy experience of the war, but he vividly describes the Modder River, Magersfontein, Kimberley, and the places in the same district. The *dramatis personae* are cleverly sketched. "Villebois was a young fifty, a real Frenchman of the good old style. He came from Colenso and was thoroughly well fitted out. He asked me to dine with him on the day of his arrival. We cooked this meal with the greatest care. The colonel peeled the potatoes, washing them as carefully as if they were diamonds. He had learned to cook in Algiers and the Soudan, and there was nothing he liked better. Villebois was a splendid fellow, with a real French humour, and saw the amusing side of everything. He could not understand the Boers at all. As an old soldier, their doings were incomprehensible to him, and their successes still more so." His poor opinion of General Cronje is already well known. "He gave me the impression of not being able to read a map very well." The following is from his account of the disastrous retreat: "When I awoke at 7 a.m. I found we had moved to another camp. It lay in a hollow, hidden from view, and so was more or less safe from attack. The roar of the guns and crackling of the rifles was going on all around. I rode out, and straightway came on flying Boers. One had his face torn by a shell which had burst near

him. Two dead Boers and some horses lay close by. One wounded man was shouting for help, and shells were falling and shrapnels bursting all around. I tried to induce the Boers to stand, but in vain."

Count Sternberg formed a very high opinion of the English soldiers, and the following is his not unkindly verdict on their leaders: "When I think of the English officers my heart grows weary. Men who are decimated, shot down like rabbits at a drive, and still remain so kind-hearted and so chivalrous, show themselves to have the right blood in their veins. I can only repeat that the English officers and the English soldiers have shown in this war that the profession of arms does not debase, but rather ennobles, man." The book may be recommended as being at once entertaining and instructive.

## SABBATH BELLS.

DING—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!

The church bells they du ring,

Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!

An' seems they bells du zing:

"O merry be! O merry be!

The work it all be done,

Zee, peas and brocoli du graw

Tremenjus in the zun;

An' hot it is, an' calm it is,

Bees buzz an' cattle doze;

Zo, laze about, an' talk about,

All in your Zunday clo's."

*Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!*

Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!

The church bells merry ring,

Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!

An', dang it! doan't they zing?—

"O rest awhile! O rest awhile!

Vor 'tis amazin' sweet

To watch the white-heart cabbages

All bustin' in the heat;

Zo, zit about, an' stand about,

Beside ov Early Rose,

An' puff a pipe, an' think ov things,

All in your Zunday clo's."

*Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!*

Dong! Dong! Dong!

There's a shadow on the marn,

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The one larst bell du warn:

"O fulish mun! O fulish mun!

Life be no more than grass,

It glitters in the shinin' zun—

Until the Reaper pass!

An', hark! I call 'ee up to prayer,

Wi' passen, clerk, an' schule,

Come up along, an' take thee seat

Thou ole pig-headed fule!"

*Dong! Dong! Dong!*

HAROLD BEGBIE.

## THE CEDAR WALK . . . AT CHISWICK.

**I**T is a thing to be wondered at that an avenue such as we depict should exist within a distance of about six miles from Charing Cross. The Jacobean mansion at Chiswick, which the Earl of Burlington purchased towards the end of the seventeenth century, had been a notable house of the Earl of Somerset, and it descended afterwards to the friend of Pope and Gay, the architect earl, who built his house from an example by Palladio. It was a mansion at which the wits sneered—grand, but uncomfortable. It was improved by the addition of two wings by James Wyatt in 1788. In Burlington's time Chiswick House was a summer villa, and the garden and grounds were a part of the design. They were often described. Thus Walpole wrote: "The garden is in the Italian taste, but divested of conceits, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements. The buildings are heavy, and not equal to the purity of the house. The lavish quantity of urns and sculpture behind the garden front should be retrenched." The Earl delighted in his creation, both house and garden, and was there accustomed to enjoy the society of his friends. There, says Gay, in his "Epistle to the Earl of Burlington,"

"Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,  
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach."

Many of the statues in the grounds were, and are, antiques brought from Arundel House, while Sheemakers sculptured the

April 27th, 1901.]

*COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.*

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THE CEDAR WALK, CHISWICK HOUSE.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

lions and other animals, and the rustic gate was brought about 1738 from Beaufort House, Chelsea, where it had been erected more than 100 years before, by Inigo Jones for the Lord Treasurer Middlesex. Early in the nineteenth century the Duke of Devonshire extended the grounds, and they were perfected by the hand of Sir Joseph Paxton, but the avenue we illustrate, with its

urns and statuary, belongs to an earlier time. The same Duke of Devonshire held great festivities at Chiswick House, and Sir Walter Scott was one of those who enjoyed its beauties in his time, and he speaks of the gardens as resembling the picture by Watteau. There was some affectation in the picture, he said, but the *ensemble* looked very well.



## FALCONRY

### A Wonderful Hawk.

MANY years ago I had the satisfaction (as I thought) of purchasing of John Pells, the Duke of St. Albans' falconer, a peregrine falcon of Irish origin, which had the reputation of being one of the best rook hawks he had ever possessed or seen. This hawk was called Wonderful, from several extraordinary things that she did or that had happened to her, and also in memory of a falcon that Pells had trained and lost. With much ado I purchased her from a reluctant seller; and I think I gave more for her than I have ever given for any other peregrine. Probably she was worth it, for she was more devoted to rooks than any other falcon I ever saw, and never ceased to try for them so long as there was one within sight of her keen vision. In Norfolk I have seen the contents of three or four near rookeries disturbed by her at the same time, ringing and climbing about high in air, in the usual intense fright of rooks disturbed by a falcon. When I have been near enough to hear it, I have been surprised at the noise of their countless wings in this strenuous motion; and I am almost certain that a good deal of it is produced by the occasional clashing of their wing ends. I could relate many strange actions of hawks, which would make a long story, but that I really think some of them would be deemed incredible.

To return to Wonderful. She was quite the most savage trained hawk I have ever seen. For instance, I have seen her, probably enraged at being disappointed of her prey, attack a team of four horses at plough, which she did with the utmost fury and determination, striking of course at their heads and ears. They were so frightened that the ploughman and his boy could at first do little or nothing with them, save to prevent them from breaking away altogether. They at last got away, plough and all, but most luckily were arrested by the plough sticking in a bank. Just then, with good fortune, my falconer and I came up, and we each got a horse by the head, the ploughboy sticking well to his, which, luckily, was the quietest. On another occasion this hawk, possibly because she did not get the lure offered fast enough, left us and advanced single-handed to attack a man carrying a little girl on his shoulder dressed in a red cloak; and it seemed to us that Wonderful had never stooped at even a pigeon with greater impetuosity. Run as we could, we could not get near enough; and, but that the man was carrying a hoe and used it lustily, turning round and round with great agility, I am convinced she would have fastened her claws in the poor child's face.

She gave me the only real fright I have ever had from any hawk. This is how it happened. She had just caught and killed a magpie, and on my going to take her up, she showed me what Pells had said was her worst trick. As I was stooping down to her she glanced up with so evil a look that I recoiled, knowing what to expect, and held my hands before my face. None too soon! For she was there too, coming at me like a savage dog, and holding on to my gloves so fiercely as to strike the talons right through the thick doeskin and into my hand. There was no time to mince matters, so I violently shook her off; though (so quick is thought) I remember to this day not only all the circumstances of this encounter, but also my fear that if ever I recovered her again I should find her minus a black nail or claw. I had possessed myself of the dead magpie, and supposed it was all right with the hawk; but no sooner had she got again on the wing than she came at me "hammer and tongs," in the same determined way that she had charged the little girl in the red cloak, and the four horses before mentioned, always striking at my face. So determined was she that, as I had then taken off my gloves, I really became afraid of her—which probably made her worse, and she began to utter savage screams. I am ashamed to say that she compelled me to take refuge behind the trunk of an oak

tree; which did not profit me much, for when she could not get at my face she began to strike at the back of my neck. All this went on for some time, till I luckily recollect that I had a dead pigeon in my pocket, which I flung out to her, and this time, having let her eat about half of it before I went to her, I caught her by the legs when she was coming again at my face.

What eventually became of Wonderful I know not. The last I heard of her was the following. A young farmer in Wiltshire had shot a hawk of mine, and sent it to be stuffed—a thing I have made a practice of preventing if possible. Having visited a bird-stuffer's shop where I heard a lost hawk of mine was, I claimed the bird and took possession of it, much to his disgust, paid the price he demanded for the work done, and obtained the name and address of the young farmer who had sent her to be stuffed. I went to see him. He seemed to feel much hurt at my depriving him of his stuffed hawk, to which, however, as he could not fail to see, he had no title whatever, when the happy idea occurred to me: "By Jove! I will make him a present of Wonderful." For she had become by this time perfectly unbearable and most dangerous. So I packed her up in a large lined hamper, with hood, leash, jesses, swivel, and all, and sent her off to the hawk slayer.

I learned afterwards (for I never heard from him, which I was rather curious to do) that he was from home at the time of Wonderful's arrival at his village, and that he was a breeder and exhibitor of prize poultry, which he was therefore accustomed to send about in poultry hampers. He was a bachelor, and, as I have said, from home; so his housekeeper proceeded to put the hamper (which unluckily was also a poultry hamper), with the hawk and all in it, on the kitchen table, and to sever the strings and ties, with the object of having a view of the supposed prize poultry the contents of the basket. In an evil hour for her. For Wonderful, who could do almost anything, had previously got rid of her hood, and the moment there was light enough to see how to do it, she flew at the unfortunate woman's head, seized her by the scalp (with probably six or eight long sharp talons driven well home), and, hanging on like grim death, beat her on the sides of the face with her wings. Frightened almost to death, never having even seen what came out of the basket, the woman ran out into the village street, where, it is said, she fell down in a fit, supposing the very worst of her aggressor. The hawk let go just as some people came running up, and soared away in unwonted freedom. The event, I am assured, is still remembered in the village. The reason given at first for assigning to this falcon the name of Wonderful was that she bore a strange likeness in appearance and disposition to a falcon belonging to Mr. Yelverton O'Keefe, in whose employ John Pells once was. One of the incidents of this hawk's life I will relate.

Mr. O'Keefe was then rook-hawking on the well-known Curragh of Kildare—now the camp of that name, but then only a fine piece of open ground, and very suitable for rook-hawking. He lived not far off, and his hawks were kept, when airing or weathering, on a row of blocks on a lawn in front of his windows. One day they came back from hawking without a favourite falcon they had been obliged to "leave out." Pells, who was very superstitious, always objected on the occasion of losing a hawk to take up her block (why, I know not), nor would he ever allow a hawk to be weighed. So, in spite of Mr. O'Keefe's repeated orders, there was the empty block left on the lawn, alongside the occupied ones. Mr. O'Keefe became used to seeing it, and after a time made no more fuss about it. A whole month passed, and Pells, coming for orders, and looking out on the lawn, saw all the ten blocks occupied, each by its hawk. So did Mr. O'Keefe on doing the same. Pells dashed out of the room, crying "Count the hawks, sir," which being done, there were found to be ten, and



P. D. Malloch.

SHOWING INTAKE AND SHAPE OF PASS.

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not the nine there had been for so long, for the stray had come home of her own accord, and, being offered the lure, was easily taken up and fastened once more with swivel and leash, and then christened by the name of Wonderful.

C. HAWKINS FISHER.

## NEW FISH PASS . . . ON DUPPLIN DYKE

**I**T will be very interesting to watch the effect of the new Fish Pass which has been erected on Dupplin Dyke on the River Earn, a tributary of the Tay, for the purpose of enabling the salmon to ascend to the higher reaches for sport and spawning. Except in the time of a very high flood, no fish were able to pass over this dyke, it being nearly 400yds. wide, and with a cruike space rising through the centre, very little water passed over it. The dyke being almost perpendicular and about 8ft. high, thousands of fish were kept back.

In 1894 Sir Robert Moncreiffe, Bart., with a view to improving the river, asked several proprietors to join with him to endeavour to lease all the net and cruike fishing on the Earn, and with this object a syndicate was formed. Dupplin Dyke being the greatest obstruction, the Earl of Kinnoull was approached on the subject, and, after negotiations, ultimately granted them a ten years' lease of his Dupplin rod, net, and cruike fishing, with the right to erect a fish pass and shut up the cruike. The syndicate has also rented other cruike and net fishings higher up the river, which they do not intend to fish.

When negotiations were first opened, several experts were asked to meet at Dupplin for the purpose of devising a scheme for a fish pass. Various ideas were considered, but latterly a subsidiary dyke, proposed by Mr. P. D. Malloch, of Perth, was agreed upon. Plans were prepared by Mr. James Ritchie, C.E., and estimates taken.

In the interval Mr. Malloch was asked by Mr. A. Coats, of Battleby, to devise a fish pass over Luncarty Dyke on the Shochie—a stream flowing into the Tay on the right bank of the river about five miles above Perth. This dyke is situated on the Shochie about 50yds. above its confluence with the parent river, and is very much higher than the one at Dupplin, and fish

were never known to get over it. Mr. Malloch's idea is an entirely new one. He had looked at fish passes all over Scotland, England, and Ireland, and was satisfied with none of them. The pass at Luncarty is in the shape of a horse-shoe, 12ft. wide at the intake and 6ft. at the outflow. The intake is immediately above the dyke, and the outflow under the dyke. The gradient is one foot in seventeen; the walls and bottom are formed of concrete. The bottom above the concrete is pitched with rough stones. At intervals of 10ft. boulders stand above the pitching, which breaks the force of the current. The outer circle of the pass is higher than the inner, thus causing the water to fall to the inner circle and making the flow much quieter. The intake is bell-shaped—more at one side than the other—making deep water at one side and giving

fish plenty of water to escape at the mouth. Instead of the fish having to jump up each step of the fish ladder, as in other fish passes, they have a clear run from bottom to top, and if need be they have plenty of quiet water for a rest. The water runs through it more like a highland burn than a fish pass. The pass has turned out a perfect success and hundreds of fish are passing through it.

Higher up the same stream Mr. Malloch is erecting another pass on almost the same principle, to take the fish over a wall 20ft. high.

Seeing the pass at Luncarty Dyke on the Shochie was such a success, the Earn proprietors at once adopted the same idea for enabling the fish to pass over Dupplin Dyke, instead of the subsidiary dyke, as was first proposed, thereby causing less expense and at the same time not interfering with the present dyke.

The Dupplin Pass is on the same principle as the Luncarty Fish Pass, but on a larger scale, being 18ft. wide at the intake and 9ft. at the outflow; the gradient is one foot in twenty; the outflow runs into the river immediately under the dyke and almost parallel with the bottom. All the fish come to this part. The pass at the intake is 6in. lower than the dyke. Before any water runs over the dyke there is a depth of 12in. running down the pass; this will enable fish to run through when the river is even at its lowest, and in a flood the pass will only allow of a certain volume of water to flow through it.

During operations, when the pass was almost finished, the Earn came down in a flood and filled the pass. Immediately large numbers of fish went up.

As the workmen were closing up the inlet several fish ran



P. D. Malloch.

LOWER PORTION OF PASS AND PART OF DYKE.

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past them; one fine fellow about 30lb. was too late, and was left high and dry, and had to be taken down to the river, much against the workmen's will.

The plans for this new pass were prepared by Mr. H. J. Bell, C.E., Perth, successor to Mr. J. Ritchie, C.E. The contractor, Mr. Young, Bankfoot, carried out the work most expeditiously, and to the satisfaction of all concerned. The pass was opened on Saturday, October 6th, and fish now have a clear run to the upper reaches of the Earn and all its tributaries, thereby adding greatly to the value of the fishing on that river. As soon as the pass was opened numbers of fish were observed running up.

None of the fish, as expected, remained in the pass, but ran right through without resting. While on a visit to the pass, the Earl of Kinnoull was standing at the outlet, and observed a large salmon enter the pass and run up. His Lordship, on seeing it, tried to follow it up by running as hard as he could, but the salmon easily outstripped him, and entered the river above before he reached the top.

I may add that the expense of this undertaking is to be defrayed by the Tay District Fishery Board.

It would be well for salmon fishing in Scotland generally if schemes of this description were carried out in other rivers.

A. A.

## THE OLD SCHOOL NATURALISTS.

### II.—WHITE OF SELBORNE (Continued).

**I**N the opening paper of this series it was claimed for Gilbert White that he was essentially a man of letters. This fact has been somewhat overlooked, not only by many who love the book, but also by critics. In reading a short account of English literature by Professor Saintsbury, I was astonished to find Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies passed over with a few words. I mention Jefferies here because Professor Saintsbury compares the two, not very adroitly. I have not the book by me, but I feel sure that Jefferies is spoken of in it as the greatest observer of country life in minute detail since White. An observer of minute details in natural history White assuredly was, but that need not prevent us recognising him as a good writer. "The blackcap has, in common, a full, sweet, deep, loud, and wild pipe, yet that strain is of short continuance, and his motions are desultory; but when the bird sits calmly and engages in song in earnest, he pours forth very sweet but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those

of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted." There is the hand of a master! Many authors have written of the blackcap, but not one has approached, much less improved upon, this passage, which is delicate even as the blackcap itself. I would ask with confidence any true man of letters who knew and cared for his blackcaps whether the passage cited be not in the style

of a master of prose: "Yes," could be the only reply. And White's "Selborne" has many choice passages of the kind. I saw White's summer-house before it fell into ruins, and have a tiny treasured bit of it, picked up from the ground eighteen or twenty years ago; but I am vexed I never saw the shell of the tortoise that came to Selborne from Ringmer.

Immortal Timothy, thou wert not as other tortoises, for they are poor perishing things, but thou shalt outlive an empire! Perhaps the life of a tortoise, in its true inwardness, is as impossible to write as that of a man; yet White made a masterly effort. "It scrapes out the ground with its fore feet, and throws it up over its back with its hind; but the motion of its legs is ridiculously slow, little exceeding the hour hand of a clock, and suitable to the composure of a creature—" But at this point perhaps it were best to break off, lest one should be driven to Bowdlerise slightly what immediately follows. I suppose the hour hand simile was intended as a playful exaggeration.

The chameleon is ludicrously slow in its movements when the drowsiness of winter is on it; but even it moves less slowly than the minute hand of a clock when trying to climb up its own tail or perch on one of its own legs, and imagination boggles at anything slower than a sleepy chameleon, unless it be the movements of a glacier, or of the scrapper at the Zoological Gardens, which is now dead. Timothy's "arbitrary stomach," his terror of rain, his inattention to strangers,

his affection for his benefactress—who but Gilbert White and possibly Charles Lamb could have put these into deathless prose?

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," says White, after describing the "awkward alacrity" with which Timothy hobbled towards Mrs. Snooke, "who has

waited on it for more than thirty years." All White's quotations are exquisitely appropriate. He uses exactly the right quotation in exactly the right place. He never trots out his learning; it trots itself out. He is a scholar to the finger tips, nothing if not a well-read, a lettered man. His classical allusions, whether he is quoting Virgil on echoes or reminding you the Greeks called



outhouse

shell-snails and the family to which Timothy belongs, "feroikei," are always delightful, always informing. I do not know whether any of the reformers—save the mark!—who are for stopping the study of Latin and Greek ever read White; if they do, there is no excuse for them.

It was Mr. Harting, as we have seen, who was first privileged in his edition of "Selborne" to give the world the ten charming letters of White to Marsham. Happy Mr. Harting! I have already quoted the important passage in which White says with fine pride that he was born, and hopes to die, a gentleman. And there are one or two other passages in these letters giving us glimpses of the man. For instance: "Surely, my dear Sir, we live in a very eventful time that must cut out much work for Historians and Biographers!" (So the expression "So-and-so's got his work cut out for him" is by no means a modern vulgarism.) "But whether all these strange commotions will turn out to the benefit or disadvantage of old England, God only knows!" This in 1792. What was he writing of, I wonder? Mr. Marsham's letters are not given, so the context is wanting.

About this time the Roman Catholics were very pressing in their demands for concessions, and there were signs of yielding on the part of the Government, whilst in this year the "Society of the Friends of the People" was formed to promote Parliamentary reform. Very likely White was referring to one or both of these "commotions" in his letter to Marsham. It is not to be supposed for a moment that he was unconcerned by what passed in the great world outside Selborne. A man of the high intelligence and attainment of White naturally would have watched public affairs at this most anxious time in the history of his country, and have formed opinions about them; only he did not suffer them to destroy the serenity of his life. Men like White do not rush out frantically into the streets for evening papers, or storm at the waiters in their club reading-rooms if all the "specials" or "extra specials" are engaged. "Pray, do woodpeckers ever damage and bore your timber trees?" asks White in the paragraph in this letter immediately following the references to public affairs. "Not those, I imagine, of your own planting, but only those that are tending to decay. I had a brood this year in my outlet, hatched, I suspect, in the bodies of some old willows. My dissertation on the Caprimulgus is almost finished." Because White can thus turn from the troubous affairs of his country to the wild life about his home, we are not to conclude that he loved his country the less. A man's patriotism is not to be measured by his gabble. White and Jesse and Jenyns and Howitt were patriots, pure and disinterested, though they did not wring their hands overmuch, and shout and advertise their love of their land in public places and print. Their patriotism, like Cowper's, flowed quiet but deep.



Langford Church.

Oriel in the Walks and Corner of  
Gilbert White's Great Parlour

In White's day a journey to town, fifty miles distant, or across country to Oxford, was not a thing to be undertaken lightly, even in fine weather. You travelled to town then; now you just run up there and back. In the latest edition of "Selborne," Mr. Bowdler Sharp, the editor, gives a dark picture of the state of the roads around Selborne in White's day. I suppose he has his facts from a good source.

In general, our Hampshire main roads a century ago were, according to an old official report I have by me, excellent. Some, amongst these the New Forest roads, were exceedingly good. But, in any case, there must have been many bad bits for travellers who came from remote villages; and travelling by post-chaise, as White did sometimes, under such circumstances could not always have been luxurious. Yet White was no "cabbage." He journeyed from time to time to Oxford, Sussex, London, Fyfield, and no doubt elsewhere. Fyfield is a village in the north-east corner of Hampshire, some forty miles from Selborne, I suppose, and in my native district.

I shall never forget the delight with which, when a child, I found one of the letters to Barrington addressed from "Fyfield, near Andover."

So he must have been visiting "Brother Harry" at Fyfield at the time my great-grandfather, the little gentleman in the red coat and wig, was living a few miles off on the other side of Andover.

Here was a great discovery. I was free to picture the old country squire and the old country parson actually meeting at "Brother Harry's" house. This Harry White was Rector of Fyfield, and it is clear from the delightful eighteenth century diary which he left, and from which the Rev. Robert Clutterbuck made extracts for a small work of local interest published posthumously, that he was a cultivated man. They had music and books in the old country rectory, and when Gilbert visited them there must have been very pleasant family gatherings.

Harry, like Gilbert, was a gardener as well as a musician, and something of a naturalist. One of the entries in the charming garden calendar now published relates to a portmanteau packed with perennials which Gilbert sent off to Fyfield. Returning home from Fyfield, White would be sure to go through Andover and Winchester. From Winchester to Selborne is a very pretty journey most of the way; but the prettiest bit of all to White would lie just beyond East Tisted. When he turned off the high road to Alton, and saw Newton Valence and Selborne Common on his left, I doubt not, his content was perfect. Selborne, to White, was the hub of the universe.

And what a delicious country it is, and what pretty hamlets and pleasant parks lie around this Selborne! Who that loves Nature and loves England would not linger many a long summer day among the oaks and elms of Empshot, or lie stretched out on the thomy turf of Selborne Common?

I must close these notes about Gilbert White. I had no idea when I began that they would fill more than two columns of COUNTRY LIFE. Yet I find that I have left unsaid much I thought of saying before I took up my pen. "After all," the reader might protest, "you have said next to nothing about the subject which has put Gilbert White among the immortals—



from Fyfield Building

natural history. He may have been, as you say, a man of letters and a writer and a patriot and a scholar and a man of general culture and enlightenment; but his immortality rests on his natural history." Well, in a way that is true. Gilbert White will be regarded by the world at large as the possessor of undying fame, not through his style or distinction as a writer, but through his field natural history. And I should be the last to deny that he was really great as a field naturalist; as a trained observer among trained observers; as an investigator whose work such giants of modern science as Darwin and Huxley might well respect, as no doubt they did. Yet White the naturalist could never have won immortality had it not been for White the man. It is the combination of style, of scholarship, of dignified leisure, of detachment of mind, of perfect gentleman-like deportment, of humour, of accurate and delightful natural history observations, that has set him in so high a place.

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"  
GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

[The beautiful pictures which accompany this article are reproduced from Messrs. Freemantle's edition of "Selborne" referred to in the previous article of this series, and we are

indebted to this firm for kindly permitting us to give these illustrations.—ED.]

## IN THE GARDEN

### RHODODENDRON SHILSONI.

**T**HE writer was much pleased to see in the Himalayan House in the Royal Gardens, Kew, a few days ago, a noble bush of this hybrid Rhododendron, raised, we believe, by Mr. H. Shilson, an enthusiastic grower of Himalayan Rhododendrons, and named in his honour. It is the kind of plant for a large cool house, and in the gardens of the British Isles many such places exist, in which the tender Rhododendrons can spread out and reveal their true beauty. In the quite southern counties of England—Cornwall, Devonshire, and so forth—and the South of Ireland many things are as happy in the open air as in the temperate house at Kew; but one cannot, unfortunately, compel things to behave respectfully in unsuitab'e places. R. Shilsoni was raised by crossing R. barbatum with R. Thomsoni, and the offspring displays the twofold relationship, the beautiful features of each parent being intensified. The flowers are of warm colouring, a deep blood red, reminding one of those of R. Thomsoni, and one may imagine that a bush 12ft. high, as is the one at Kew, is a picture of glowing hue. We

hope Mr. Shilson will continue this good work of encouraging the culture of a lovely race of flowers.

### HIMALAYAN RHODODENDRONS.

This reminds one of the importance of the race generally. It is unfortunate that the plants are tender, but a cool house is suitable for all the kinds, and, as we have already mentioned, they are successful out of doors in many places. Mr. Mangels is another enthusiast; he has many of the most beautiful species in his houses near Farnham. A lovely kind is R. Aucklandi. A well-known writer described it thus: "If anything more divinely beautiful exists, we hope we may live to see it; but, if not, one may well remain satisfied with its surpassing loveliness. Each individual bloom in the truss is like a pure white Lily over 4in. across, three to six flowers being in each cluster. The segments are handsomely recurved, and the two lowest, which are wider, have their edges boldly crumpled in large waving folds. The calyx is pale green, clouded and spotted with tender rose colour. The long flower-bud is covered with rosy bracts tipped with crimson that remain among the opening flowers, lengthening as they develop. The scent is delicious." If we could only choose one species, R. Aucklandi would be our choice. Of course there are other exquisite kinds, R. lindleyana, for example, with its big white perfumed flowers; the delicate lemon-coloured R. campylocarpum; R. eximium; the new hybrid Pink Pearl; and the Lapageria-like-flowered R. Thomsoni. But many hybrids exist as beautiful, and even more so, than the parents. It would be worth while to cross the tender species with quite hardy kinds, to ensure a race of Rhododendrons capable of existing in the open gardens of every county.

### HIPPEASTRUMS (AMARYLLISES) AT CHELSEA.

We have been asked by Messrs. Veitch and Sons to note that their exhibition of Hippeastrums in flower may be seen now in their nursery at Chelsea. Visitors to the recent Drill Hall meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society are familiar with the stately spikes supporting big masses of bloom of many colours. The displays made by Captain Holford, who is an enthusiast, are memorable, and several noble kinds have been raised, pure selves of good colouring. We are anxious not to weary the reader with a list of the splendid hybrids in bloom at Chelsea, as mere descriptions unfortunately give one a very slight conception of the true character of the flower. Amaryllises have become quite familiar plants in the greenhouse, and their brilliant colour and dashing form are acceptable in the spring season. The plants are not difficult to grow. The practice of Messrs. Veitch is to pot the bulbs in the last week of January, and plunge them in spent tan. Gentle bottom heat is given after a short time, and no water supplied until the spikes are an inch long.

### SOWING GRASS SEEDS AND TREATMENT OF LAWNS.

There is no better month in the whole year for sowing grass seeds than April. The weather is usually warm and moist, and the seed quickly germinates. When writing for seed, state the kind of soil, whether heavy or light, and also the position, as special preparations are kept for various places. This is most important, as we know from experience. As a rule about 4lb. suffice for a square rod of ground. The best way to sow grass seed is to mix soil with it, to ensure even distribution, and never sow too thickly. Where birds are plentiful, it is wise to stretch thread across the ground, otherwise many of the best seeds will quickly disappear. The lawn must not be interfered with until the grass is at least 2in. high, when it may be gently rolled and swept. When the grass has again grown 2in. after rolling, clip the tops of the blades, and pull out weeds and remove stones and bits of stick. With regard to seasonal work upon made



RED-BACKED SHRIKE AND GREAT GREY SHRIKE.



NUTHATCH.

lawns, let these be rolled at once, also swept to distribute worm-casts. We need not quarrel with the worms, for they are useful, creating a natural drainage. A heavy, wet lawn, one in need of drainage, shows very few traces of the beneficial tunnelling work of the worm. Of course all weeds must be eradicated, and an old knife is the best with which to spud them out, while, if the lawn is poor, dress it with equal parts of vegetable refuse, manure, and loam, well silted, and sow bare places with seed. Grass and white Dutch Clover mixed form a good combination for poor lawns.

#### THE JUNEBERRY OR AMELANCHIER.

Few trees are prettier when in flower than the Amelanchiers, better known as Snowy Mespilus, but they should be grouped. Four or five near to each other on the margin of woodland, or backed by trees of much taller stature, are very beautiful in April days when the spreading branches are hidden with snow-white blossom. We wish planters of trees of this kind would remember that by grouping pictures of great charm are unfolded, more so than one would think possible from the usual planting of solitary specimens. *A. canadensis* is the most beautiful of the four kinds. It flowers profusely at this season, and the leaves turn to rich colours in autumn. It is a native of Canada, and seldom grows more than 8ft. in height, while *A. vulgaris* attains a greater stature, having also flowers of the same purity.

#### DEUTZIA LEMOINEI IN SPRING.

An old and welcome correspondent sends the following note about this still uncommon Deutzia: "The usefulness of *D. gracilis* for forcing for spring has long been known, but the value of *D. Lemoinei* for the same purpose is not so much recognised. *D. Lemoinei* is of hybrid origin, having been raised by crossing *D. gracilis* and *D. parviflora*. It is intermediate in habit between the two, and in many respects is superior to both; it grows about 4ft. high, making a dense bush, and producing its pure white flowers after the manner of *D. parviflora*. Though quite hardy, it flowers too early to be of much use out of doors, as a sharp frost in March usually kills the flower-buds. For forcing in pots, however, it has few equals among white-flowered shrubs; and if it can be given a cool house to finish its growth in, it can be forced for quite a number of years in succession if reported every alternate year. After flowering it is a good plan to cut out inside and worthless wood, allowing only strong shoots to develop. By so doing, and exposing the plants to full sun throughout the summer, flowers will appear from almost every bud during the succeeding spring. A variety of dwarfer and more compact habit, known as *D. Lemoinei compacta*, is in every way excellent."

#### CALCEOLARIA FUCHSIEFOLIA

This Calceolaria was much grown soon after its introduction in 1878, but then it almost dropped out of cultivation. The reason of this is probably owing to the fact that though of easy culture in some localities, the reverse is the case in others, for in the South it proved far less satisfactory than in the more Northern districts. The specific name of *Fuchsiefolia* is very happy, indeed, far more so than an ordinary observer than that of *deflexa*, as it is so figured in the *Botanical Magazine*, t. 6431. Apart from its intrinsic value as a pretty flowering plant, it is usually regarded as having, in conjunction with the strong-growing *C. Pavoni*, yielded the hybrid *Burbidgei*, which is so useful for winter flowering. There, however, appears to be a certain amount of doubt as to the exact parentage of this hybrid, which was raised by Mr. F. W. Burbidge, College Botanic Gardens, Dublin, from seeds cross-fertilised in the autumn of 1879. The raiser speaks of the parent plants as *C. deflexa* (female) and *C. Pavoni* (male), while in the Hand List of tender Dicotyledons cultivated in the Royal Gardens, Kew, which was issued last year, the origin of *C. Burbidgei* is given as *amplexicaulis* *x* *Pavoni*. Thus doctors differ.

#### PYRUS JAPONICA AND ITS VARIETIES.

This is known also as *Cydonia japonica*, and better still as the Japanese Quince. We were reminded of it a few days ago by a group in full flower of the ordinary pink or rather rose-coloured type. It is as pretty a shrub as one could wish for at this season, the still leafless shoots coloured with bright flowers, and even in winter we have seen this plant on a sunny sheltered south wall bristling with half-opened buds. We enjoy also a big group of it in the pleasure grounds or near the house. The Japanese Quince seems very happy

where Tea Roses are grouped, or the silvery Rosemary and Lavender. Of recent years several very charming varieties have been raised, one, a deep blood crimson, being called Knaphill Scarlet, and another is the exquisite white-flowered *nivalis*, but we care little for the flesh-coloured kinds. They are distinctly poor in groups, much inferior to the ordinary kind. It must not be forgotten, too, that the Japanese Quince flowers are much appreciated for indoor and table decorations. A mass of twiggy flowering shoots in a Japanese bronze bowl is a decoration of much interest and beauty.

#### A GOOD BLUE SUMMER FLOWER.

*Salvia patens* has flowers as blue as the Gentian, and we are surprised that a plant so beautiful is not used almost to excess in the English summer garden. We have seen beds of nothing else, and never tired of its pure colouring. When grown in pots for the greenhouse it possesses the same charm, because of this pure wholesome shade. The plant is easily raised from seed and cuttings, but cuttings give the more satisfactory results. It must be remembered that the roots are tuberous, and after flowering, before sharp frosts occur, they should be lifted and transferred to a cold frame, where, covered with soil, they may remain until spring. In spring young growths will appear plentifully. Take them off and insert round the sides of 6in. pots, and place in a propagating pit. When rooted pot them off separately in 3in. pots, and row on in a warm house. Stop the shoots when 6in. high to encourage side growths.

#### THE ROCK GARDEN IN KEW GARDENS.

It is pleasant to see that notwithstanding the cold winds which have been so prevalent of late the rock garden is already showing unmistakable signs of life, and every day adds to the list of plants which adorn it. These are mostly, if not all, of small dimensions, requiring but very little attention when they are once established in their permanent quarters. There are Saxifrages of various sorts and colours, the principal ones being *S. oppositifolia*, its varieties *rubra* and *alba*, *Burseriana*, *Salomonii*, *ligulata*, *aficulata*, and *santa*. The charming *Primula denticulata*, *d. alba*, *P. marginata cerulea*, the little bush *Daphne Blagayana*, *Synthyris reniformis*, *Erythronium Hendersoni*, *Androsace Laggeri*, and the interesting *Shortia galacifolia* are among many early-flowering plants; and the same may be said of the *Narcissus cyclamens*, *N. minor*, and *N. minimum*. The list of early spring-flowering plants would be incomplete if it did not include several varieties of *Anemone hepatica*, which form such an interesting feature wherever early spring flowers are required.

#### THE WHITE MEZEREON.

The ordinary purple-flowered *Daphne Mezereum*, the Mezereon of English gardens, has become more familiar since interest has deepened in trees and shrubs of sufficient beauty for the pleasure ground and woodland. The white Mezereon is, however, a shrub of no slight importance, especially



Bullingham.

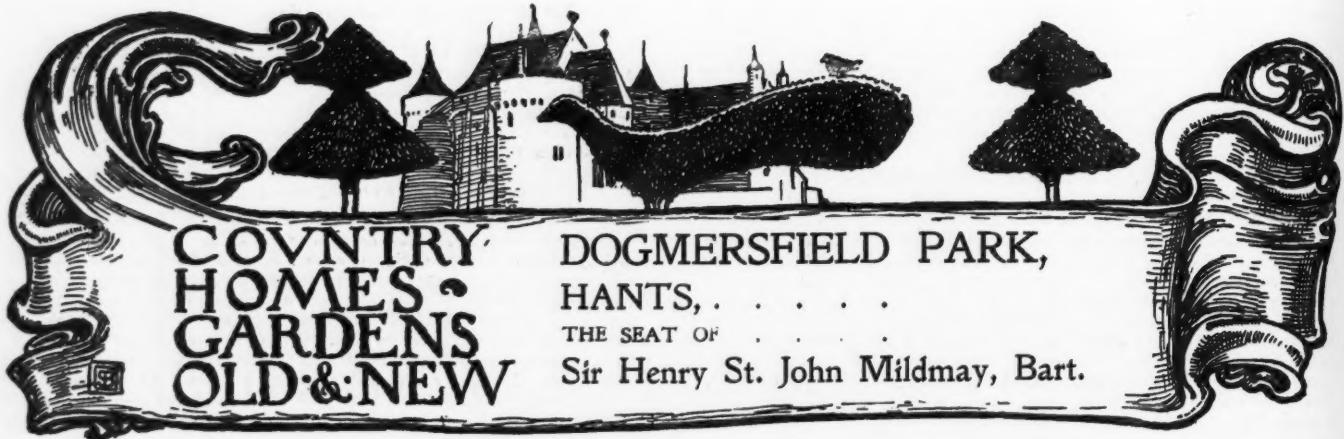
LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER.

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when a group of a dozen plants can be seen in full bloom. Its presence is evident from the strong perfume of the ivory-white flowers which thickly stud the leafless shoots; but apart from perfume the white Mezereon is valuable. It is a good garden shrub for its flower beauty alone, and should be grouped on the lawn outskirts, or planted in the border with other things of similar character. *Autumnalis* is an autumn-flowering variety. A mixture of the white and purple is agreeable.

#### APPLE DUTCH MIGNONNE.

Apples that keep good from December until May are valuable. Of late years we have seen Apples staged the last week in May by the score, but with regard to varieties it does not prove that all the Apples shown are the most profitable, as some, when eaten, are flavourless. Dutch Mignonne is a valuable dessert variety, and, in addition to its good keeping qualities, bears abundantly; indeed, the latter point is a fault in some cases, as, unless thinning is resorted to, the fruits are small. Very good fruits were staged by Mr. R. Maher, Gattenden Court Gardens, Newbury, at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society. It is a very old but prolific variety, especially when grown as an espalier or as a bush upon the Paradise stock. The tree is remarkably hardy, and is not fastidious as to soil or position. It has many synonyms, and on the Continent is known as Remetta de Cause. Those who require late dessert fruits should grow this variety.



THE north-eastern corner of Hampshire, except that it lacks running water, reminds the visitor of the best parts of Surrey. There is the same charming mixture of wild scenery and cultivated ground, and the wild parts are on land so comparatively fertile that they are covered with large timber. The commons, for instance, which fringe Dogmersfield Park, the subject of the present article, are not mere wastes, nor tracts only fit to feed geese and donkeys on, but studded with oaks, or ancient hollies, like that exquisite Surrey tract, Royal Common, which lies between the Hammer Ponds and Lord Midleton's park at Peper Harow. In this corner of the county there is also one of the prettiest waterways in England, the old Basingstoke Canal, now nearly disused. It runs round two sides of Dogmersfield Park, and, with its old brick locks and bridges, covered with masses of small fern, polypody, and crane's-bill, growing in the interstices of the brickwork, is a very pretty and picturesque addition to the landscape. Bramshill, the splendid Tudor house built by the eleventh Lord Zouche and now the property of the Rev. Sir W. E. Cope, lies not far off, and the old town of Odham, where Simon de Montfort had his castle.

Dogmersfield was originally a Church manor. It was granted to the Bishop of Bath by Henry I., and continued in the possession of that See until it was sold by Bishop Barlow in 1548. There are many references to this place in the records of Wells Cathedral, and one of the bishops, Fitzjoscelyn, who had been promoted to be Archbishop of Canterbury, died, when on his way to take up the post, at Dogmersfield Palace. A chapel was attached to this palace, where the bishop was permitted, by a special licence from his brother of Winchester, to confer holy orders, on the eve of Passion Sunday and on Easter Eve, on clerks of his own diocese, clerks of the Court, and clerks personally known to him. Evidently the Church was properly careful that candidates for orders should have good characters or proper sponsors. As usual, this valuable bit of Church property was appropriated at the Reformation, and we are not surprised to learn that the particular land-grabber in this case was the insatiable Sir Thomas Wriothesley, afterwards Earl of Southampton. His survival, safety, and enrichment, when other and greater Ministers were losing their heads at the rate of about one each three years, is an example of the success that attends mediocrity. He bought the whole of that most magnificent of





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THE GARDEN-HOUSE.

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Church estates, Beaulieu and its abbey, for £4,000. What he gave for Dogmersfield the writer knows not, but his heirs apparently sold it to a Mr. Edward Goodyer, an ancestor of the present family of Mildmay, who died possessed of the manor in 1686. Between the period of active Church use and secular ownership a curious incident occurred at Dogmersfield, for reference to which, and for

the correction of the ordinary county history statement that Dogmersfield was the property of the See of Canterbury, we are indebted to the notes of the Rev. C. St. John Mildmay. It was at Dogmersfield that the unfortunate Catharine of Aragon first saw, and was seen by, her future husband, Prince Arthur, and his father Henry of Richmond, King Henry VII. The story is a curious one, and more like an incident in Arab life than in the sober, if rude, history of our late Middle Ages. The Princess was announced to be on the road from the coast. So the King and his courtiers set out to meet her on the way, from Shene Palace (the old Palace at Richmond). It was the day before what is now Guy Fawkes' Day, and the weather was awful. By the time the party got as far as Chertsey they were all wet through and knocked up, so they had to "purvey and herbage" for the night. This probably means that the King commandeered all the best bedrooms, and that the courtiers turned out their horses in the meadows by the



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THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Thames, if they did not turn out the occupier's horses and put their own into the stables. Next day "they encountered the pure and proper presence of Prince Arthur, who had set out to salute his sage father." He was only a boy of fifteen. But one would suppose he would have been keener to meet the young lady than to see his "sage father." Next day, as the whole column were riding over the Downs they

were met by some Spanish officials, who demanded, on the grounds of Spanish Court etiquette, that neither the King nor the future bridegroom should be allowed to look on the face of the bride till she stood at the altar! This is a thoroughly Oriental custom, and so much so that it is only in Turkey, the most backward of all Eastern States, that it is really enforced. It is a singular evidence of the complete Orientalising of Spain during the long Moorish supremacy, which was only finally broken down by this same young lady's father.

This would not do for the King at all. He did not actually refuse point blank, but he consulted the bishops and council, in the rain, on the Downs. The result was an answer that "The Spanish Infanta, being now in the heart of this realm, of which King Henry was master, the King could look at her if he liked!" So they all rode best pace to Dogmersfield, and the King declared that, "even if



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*THE LARGE LAKE AND BRIDGE.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

she were in her bed, he meant to see and speak to her, for that was his mind, and the whole intent of his coming." So the Infanta got up, dressed, and received the King in his wet clothes, in the audience chamber, and afterwards the Prince; after which King Henry VII. went down and changed his clothes, and had supper. Apparently the Infanta had only gone to bed to get warm after her ride, for after dinner she received the

King and the Prince, and gave a dance! The boy Prince could not dance the Spanish bolero or whatever it was, so being anxious to make a good impression and show that he was quite a ladies' man, "he took the Lady Guildford, his sister's governess, and danced right pleasantly, and honourably." Of the late owners Mr. Ellis Mewe took the name of St. John, and in 1790 his grandson took that of Mildmay. The Mildmay family is of



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*OAKS IN THE PARK.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

high antiquity, being descended on the father's side from the Duports, the first of whom to hold land in Hampshire was the celebrated Hugh de Port, to whom the Conqueror granted some sixty manors in that county alone. He was also tenant under the Bishop of Bayeux and others, and a perfect Triton among the minnows, if we may look on the dispossessed Saxon Thanes as representing the latter. On the mother's side the family is descended from William de St. John, whose name appears in the Roll of Battle Abbey. His great-grand-daughter, Mabel, married Adam de Port, Lord of Basing, and then she assumed the name of St. John. Oliver St. John, fifteenth in descent from this William, left an only daughter named Frances,



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THE OLD DOVECOTE.

"C.L."

who married Ellis Mewe, her first cousin, who assumed the name of St. John. On the death of Frances he married Martha, daughter of John Goodyer, and so became possessed of Dogmersfield. His great-grandson assumed the name of Mildmay on his marriage with Jane, heiress of Sir William Mildmay, to whom had descended certain of the estates of the Earl of Fitz-Walter, in Essex. The park covers nearly 2,000 acres, and though the deer no longer exist there, its wild and wooded scenery and its fine lakes are characteristic of this part of Hampshire.

The gardens are very old, and have been entirely remodelled by Sir Henry Mildmay, the present Baronet. The summer garden and flower gardens proper do not adjoin the mansion, but are entered by a



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THE LONG WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A VASE.

"C.L."

walk leading through the Orange Court, in which large orange trees and palms are set during the summer months. The flower garden itself is protected by a high wall on the north side, covered on the south by the best varieties, both old and new, of tea roses, Noisettes and Banksias, and by masses of magnolia grandiflora. Opposite, as the corresponding boundary of the Long Walk, is a most beautiful and compact hedge of yew. At the lower end is a cross wall, rose and magnolia covered, also a large conservatory. No space is lost in this, every foot being covered with lilium auratum, orchids, cypripedium insigne, begonias in all colours, coleus in different varieties, and ivy-leaved pelargoniums, including Souvenir de Charles Turner, Galilee, Alice Crousse, and others. These are much used in hanging baskets, their lovely drooping flowers filling the upper levels.

On the walls are lapagerias, red and white, and a trained heliotrope which blossoms all the year round. Fuchsias and an abundance of marguerites and old-fashioned garden flowers and sweet-smelling herbs are also well in evidence. In the summer garden the flower beds are very numerous, and varied in shape. But they are not complicated in design, and are the more easily and effectually planted. The plants used during the summer months are of the

regular bedding kinds, and only those are employed which make a bright and striking display of colour. The less showy herbaceous plants and annuals are given special borders in the old kitchen garden. This, following alike the good old and good new fashion, has its borders fringed with the deep lines of the old-fashioned herbaceous plants, and, as in the fruit garden, the walks are run under the purple masses of clematis or arches. One old-fashioned corner contains nothing but the sweet-smelling herbs and Elizabethan flowers of the Tudor days. An ancient apple tree with a rustic seat overlooks this little "cosy corner." In the formal garden carpet bedding of the best kind is rather more extensively carried out than at many large country houses, as Sir Henry Mildmay likes this style of flower gardening. On the principle that all good things go together, and admitting that this gardening is exceptionally well done at Dogmersfield, we may devote more than a few lines to the means used and ends obtained. The flowers and plants, all of the most brilliant kind, are put out and the ground covered very early, so as to prevent the starved weedy look often seen where carpet bedding is being arranged. Many of the plants used to form the design are perfectly hardy; and when the more tender summer occupants are removed, their places are easily filled with spring-flowering plants, and dwarf hardy shrubs to stand the winter. Very large holly and yew hedges are a special feature of the Dogmersfield gardens. These shut off the main kitchen garden and form a beautiful walk leading from the flower garden to the lawn and shrubbery. Two long herbaceous borders are well filled with large established plants of both old and new species and varieties of hardy plants, such as peonies, delphiniums, gaillardias, campanulas, pyrethrums, and plants of a similar character. Roses also have a long border to themselves, and most of the best old and new varieties of hybrid perpetuals and hybrid teas are cultivated. The borders are margined with many of the finest and best-known varieties of daffodils, and these in spring make a fine display.

Rhododendrons grow luxuriantly at Dogmersfield, and on the lawn huge clumps, 40ft. and 50ft. in diameter, are quite common. When in full flower the effect of the numerous shades of colours found in the different varieties is magnificent. The shrubbery contains some very fine cedars of Lebanon, and also large specimens of other rare coniferous trees that only succeed in sheltered positions in this country.

## HABITS OF GAME.

**I**T is too late in the season now to think of a change of grouse blood on the moors for this year unless Nature has accomplished the task for herself. This she sometimes does a little more than keepers like, for when the snow lies long into the spring, and especially when partial frosts have hardened the snow surface with a coat of glass, the grouse migrate in large packs to "black ground," as the Scotch keepers call any heather that can be seen uncovered. This black ground is sometimes found on a sheltered hillside, sometimes in a strath not far from the highest ground of the neighbourhood, but it frequently is only to be found twenty, thirty, or even forty miles away; and when this is the case, the keeper who observes his high moor clear of birds has a very anxious time until they return bringing new wives, or husbands, with them. I put in this new family relationship, because I know it to be the opinion of some people that grouse on the high ground do obtain a natural change of blood in this way, although, personally, I think it must happen but seldom. The low ground certainly gets the best of these changes, for after a late spring there is nearly always a heavier stock in the low ground than on the higher moors. The hills not only are the natural fertilisers of the straths, but they keep them stocked with new blood, not only amongst grouse, but other game as well. My observation has gone to show that pairing in grouseland, as elsewhere, begins with the warm weather, and if this suddenly changes back to cold the birds may possibly remain married, but they no longer live as pairs, but return to the packs from which they broke up. This being so, the "year of bondage" or pairing cannot imply an agreement past breaking, and although I can well understand the more pressing lover remaining beside the chosen one, I cannot quite understand him inducing her to go away with him to still snow-clad hills from the "black ground," where the acquaintance has been made. Knowing the effect of cold on the pairing season, it might be supposed that the nearer these two runaways got to the snow the sooner one of them, at least, would "want to go home to mamma." It is a pity more is not known about this, because in many parts of Britain on this turns the whole question of the wisdom of change of blood by artificial means. Of course, I know that after such snow as disappears early in the year the majority of the high hills get their full complement of grouse back again from the low ground, but there is very little chance of change of blood from excursions into distant moors in the winter. It is only when the pairing

time comes during these visits that good in that way is expected to arise.

Those who would aid Nature are perhaps therefore wise when they do buy live grouse to turn them out on their highest ground, but there are many things to be said against buying them at all, and probably it is far from being the best way of going to work. I am inclined to think that netting grouse, by means of long nets, in order to get a guinea a brace for birds that belonged to somebody else twenty-four hours earlier, will be done to death; and I think it has already had a severe shaking. It is not necessary anywhere to buy these birds, and it is positively hurtful in most places. A change of blood is to be had in other and better ways. When a moor is stripped and has no grouse upon it, then the best way is to net grouse by means of the drag net upon some hired moor or by leave of a friend, and turn them out as soon after August 12th as may be. In such a case no shooting for that year would be possible, of course, without risk of shooting the imported birds; but then no shooting would have been possible on a bare moor in any case. The advantage of turning out young grouse in early August is that they get to be at home before they can take long flights, such as might take them right away. This is not as much in favour of that plan as at first sight appears, because there are means whereby grouse caught as late as December can be prevented from flying for a few days, that is, until they get used to their ground. I found this



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FINE SPRUCE TREES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

out by observing what a poor wretch a peregrine falcon looked after he had taken his morning bath, and although water soon dries off, if the wings are thoroughly oiled instead, the birds will be unable to fly for several days. But nothing of this sort is supposed to be wanted when young birds are moved early in August, but if the moor on which they were put down were a very small one, the soaking of the wings in water before turning out would prevent a startled flight from the packing boxes, which, in any case, would not be likely to occur if the night were selected for turning down the grouse. There is another good reason in favour of the birds caught in drag nets, besides that of discouraging the poaching method of those who set for sale, and it is that the grouse do not get injured by flying up against a drag net dropped over them in the heather, whereas when they go forty miles an hour from one moor to another and meet a long net placed on the poacher's intermediate bit of ground, a good many of them are killed by the impact, and those that are not are often enough badly injured, although they may not show it externally. It is not at any rate a good preparation for them for the business in hand, which is that of preventing the local grouse from obtaining the pick of the matrimonial market.

Personally, I should, if I had to obtain cross blood in this way, go for nothing but hens. There are always an over quantity of cocks left upon a moor, and every cock that cannot find a hen to mate with is a constant source of annoyance to the sitting hens, and ruins the prospects of nest after nest. The

crows, to say nothing of the more cunning rooks, are quite wideawake enough to know that when they see two cocks and one hen settling their differences there is a nest left unprotected not very far off, and accordingly they become hungry at once—that is, if that is not their perpetual state, as I am inclined to believe it to be.

For these reasons, if it could by any chance be arranged that a few more hens than cocks could be left upon a moor, I am quite sure that many nests would be saved. Good moorland keepers do not leave many foxes to pick off hens from their eggs, but there are always some, and when one is lost the lamenting widower at once begins love-making again, driving hen after hen off her nest and leaving the eggs to get cold or to gratify the first sharp-eyed winged vermin that hunts and quarters the moors as regularly as a pointer for no other purpose. Of these "rare birds" the protected seagulls are as bad as any, more especially near the coasts, and so bold do they become, that I have seen them take fish hung up to dry at the very doors and windows of Scotch cottages.

But there is another and a far better way of exchanging blood, by means of eggs sent from one estate to another. This is more troublesome, because it means the discovery of at least 100 nests for every 300 or 400 eggs exchanged. The reason for this is that half the object is defeated if a larger proportion of the eggs are taken than about half from any one nest. Really it is almost the only way to ensure crossing of blood, for, as I have previously pointed out, it is supposed that most of the pairing takes place by selection out of the covey common to both. This probably does not apply where birds pack; but all up the West Coast of Scotland and in the extreme North, as well as in Ireland and the Western Isles of Scotland, they rarely do pack, and probably for this very reason we hear better accounts of crossing in the islands than anywhere else. Arran, for instance, in the late Duke of Hamilton's time, was experimented upon to great advantage, but even there it is said that the exchange of eggs is far the best plan, and the keepers are mighty particular about where they get their crosses from. They are fully aware that if this is done from driving moors they will make their birds too wild for dogs; and where, therefore, it is an object to induce birds to drive well early in the season, Yorkshire eggs supply the want, but where dog work is still looked upon as a test of the man as well as of the shooter, there

must be no crosses except from birds or eggs of Caithness, Argyllshire, Isla, or the Lews. Speaking of the latter, I am reminded that Mr. Cheetham killed thirty-eight brace (I think that was the exact figure) shooting from Lews Castle, in one day, to one gun, in October last, and over dogs. I shall expect one day to hear of the Aberdeenshire moor owners going in for pedigree grouse and insisting on the Lews strain; for, judging by the difference in value of a driving moor in Yorkshire and a dog moor in Scotland, one bird that will sit to points in August, and is yet big and strong upon the wing, is worth two that will pack and drive on August 12th.

Every keeper and estate owner has to be a law unto himself, for it is easy to understand that the treatment suitable to secure change of blood in districts where grouse do not pack, would be perhaps so much lost energy if carried out where frost and snow supply the place of the too constant wet of the West Coast. It is just the same with heather burning and with draining; none but general principles can apply to different districts, for the drainage that would admirably supply one moor with water from a very large table-land of wet bog all the summer, might drain another watershed dry and leave the moor a desert after one single month of dry weather. Then there are moors on which heather takes seven, eight, ten, or even twenty years to grow to its best, and it is impossible in consequence to lay down generally how often it should be burnt, or how wide the strips of burning should be. Where only a twentieth part of a moor is burnt in a year the strips will naturally be narrower than where a tenth part is burnt, which would anywhere be an excessive quantity. The reason for it is that one strip takes as much, and no more, time to burn whether wide or narrow, whether 20 yards, or 50 yards; and economy of time is always of the utmost consideration, for nobody really ever gets all the burning done they want to, the weather in March and April being very seldom favourable for many days together. You cannot burn wet heather, and you cannot have grouse unless you do burn. Without saying a word against a change of blood for grouse, I often think a simultaneous good burning does the real good, while the new blood gets the credit of it; but I apply this to moors where the birds pack, and where dry cold prevails, and not to the before-named moors on the West Coast of Scotland.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## FAMOUS KENNELS: COLONEL COTES'S.

**I**N the *Sporting Magazine* of 1837 or 1838 is a picture of the father of Colonel Cotes with an animal which was then a novelty in this country. The editor of the magazine introduced it by saying the dog was what its owner "calls a retriever," thereby showing that up to that period the now well-known dogs were a novelty, as they certainly were. In many places they soon became a manufactured breed. In General Hutchinson's book on dog-breaking are figured three crosses of various well-known pure breeds of dogs, each of which represented the kind of retriever of that day most favoured by some people. But there was then no disposition to regard any of these crosses as pure breeds, or indeed to elevate them into sorts which bred true. Nevertheless, the dog called the setter and Newfoundland cross is in expression and shape of head, not to say texture of coat, very like the flat-coated breed of to-day, and this picture was probably drawn before 1850, as I see that is the date of Joseph Lang's letter to General Hutchinson



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PRINCE FREDERICK.

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after the publication of the first edition of the General's dog-breaking book. This seems almost foreign to the subject of pointers and setters at Pitchford, and would be so were it not for the fact that the dog shown in the *Sporting Magazine* was an imported dog from St. John's, or Newfoundland, presented to Mr. John Cotes, and has perpetuated its strain of blood in Colonel Cotes's kennel until the present time. The Cotes family then were known for their sporting dogs at least as long ago as the beginning of the reign of her late Majesty, and it followed, almost as a matter of course, that when the National Field Trials migrated from Staffordshire to Salop, Colonel Cotes was one of the early supporters of the movement, and has remained one of the most active members ever since. Besides this, I think he is the senior committeeman, or at any rate senior of those amongst them who annually support the trials



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ENGLISH SETTERS.

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CARL.

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by running dogs. His first victory was when the trials were upon his Pitchford property in 1882, when he won first with a setter puppy called Dick, a dog who beat some remarkably good ones in the stake, including Sable Bondhu, who won the Field Trial Derby a week or two afterwards.

Although Colonel Cotes favours both pointers and setters alike, they each have to be cast in one particular mould to suit him. For instance, they must be a very free sort, well broken, but by no means such as look too much for direction from their breaker, but those who go away and make good their ground, and I think those which false point, or begin to think the day too long, would stand less chance of retaining favour at Pitchford than those which occasionally blundered into a bird from over-anxiety to be at work. They have to be free goers not only in action but in hunting fearlessly, and if they do flush, as all dogs will sometimes, they must never look as if they were afraid of committing that fault. Consequently it has come to be known that a dog from Pitchford is sure to be capable of doing about as much work as any two ordinary dogs. Another thing that is well known is that Colonel Cotes's dogs get about 2,000 brace of grouse killed over them every year, and as they keep up their keenness in hunting at the Spring Field Trials, when, of course, no game is killed, it may be, and is, taken for granted that no ordinary work could knock the keenness and vitality out of them. I have endeavoured to indicate the kind of dog which alone finds favour at Pitchford, because I am well aware that my space prevents me from describing the work of each dog separately and obliges me to generalise. And yet with all their boldness Colonel Cotes's dogs can sometimes run through a long stake with fewer mistakes than any other dog in it. This, for instance, was the case when Prince Frederick won the All-aged Stakes at Chatsworth last July, where he certainly made good his ground in a way that pleased the old hands at grouse shooting, and scored time after time when the rasher or younger blood had proved itself too ambitious for perfect safety. This win was a very meritorious one indeed, considering that the dog was then eight years old, and was the great-grandsire of the best puppy—or, indeed, dog—seen out at the Bala Trials the following week—I mean Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Gaby, a dog as handsome as he is good in his work.

Colonel Cotes has been speculative in the strains of blood he has gone for, even going to Cawdor Castle for what may possibly be regarded as the purest remnant of the Gordon Castle blood. With this sort he has probably put vitality into his own, which, like that of all other breeders, was saturated too much with the best strains of the late

Mr. Laverack's breed. I do not think that Colonel Cotes has ever wilfully gone to the Laverack blood, but as all breeders are aware, almost any cross they can look to is already half that blood, which means almost constant inbreeding to it. That is why a cross with any good old sort ought to prove of very great value in setter breeding. PRINCE FREDERICK is a remarkably well-bred setter, whose pedigree will be found in that table which I have already given, tracing the breeding of Ightfield Gaby. He won fifth in the big Bala Stake of the International Kennel Club, and besides secured the prize for the best broken setter at the trials.

Dasher is another sire on whom Colonel Cotes relies very much, as he represents the Cawdor blood already spoken of. He is a black, white, and tan setter, by Cawdor Don from Dahlia, to which blood Pitchford Daisy and Ightfield Don, both field-trial winners, trace their merit. Daisy was winner of the Setter Puppy Stakes and Champion Stakes at the National Field Trials, 1897. Her pedigree shows the

need there was of the Cawdor cross, for without it she would have been very inbred.

Daisy ...	... {	Cawdor Dash ...	{ Ben
		Dash ...	{ Cadgon
		Dahlia ...	{ Dexter
Mona ...	... {	Prince Frederick	{ Kate
		Dahlia ...	{ Fred W.
		Mona ...	{ Dahlia
Dora ...	... {	Dexter ...	{ Dexter
		Dora ...	{ Kate

It will be seen that not only does Dahlia occur twice in the four generations, but so also do Dexter and Kate. The former strains back through Dick Wind'em to the Duke blood, through both sire and dam of Dick Wind'em, showing four crosses of Duke in the pedigree, but the inbreeding is quite as strong in other directions as well, showing, I imagine, the need of the total out cross.

Dasher's pedigree is as follows :

Dasher, whelped 1893	{	Cawdor Dash ...	{ King Death (Lord Lovat's)
		Cadgon	{ Kate (Lord Cawdor's)
		Dahlia ...	{ Sport Nell
Dasher,	{	Dexter ...	{ Dick Wind'em
		Kate ...	{ Wild Daisy II.
			{ Prince Rupert
			{ Little Bess

All Colonel Cotes's pointers are liver and white, and of them perhaps CARL, whelped in 1896, stands first. He won the Acton Reynold Stakes at the National Field Trials in 1900, and has shown great form whenever he has been out, having great speed and good style. He was preferred for the event by Foster, the



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ROMP AND RHYLL.

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breaker, to Prince Frederick, with whom he won at Chatsworth.

ROMP is a pointer bitch of 1898, and in the following year she won the Puppy Stakes at the English Setter Club's Field Trials. She is by Mr. Elias Bishop's Senior Don Pedro, a great field-trial winner bred by Colonel Cotes, who was by Dickon from Di, the former by Young Dick from Di Vernon, and Di by Carlo from Dixey. Romp is from Dora of Kippin, a celebrated bitch who won the Pointer Puppy Stakes at the Setter Field Trials and the Pointer Puppy Stakes and the Champion at the International Field Trials. Few pointers, if any, have been more successful at the stud than Senior Don Pedro, and his blood is sure to tell. The kennel is, as will be seen from the photographs, a very strong one in numbers. It includes besides those already named the black, white, and tan Rose, by Dasher from Dora, whelped 1896; Duke, a setter dog of the same colour by Prince Frederick from Miss Minnie; Dancer, a pointer of 1896, by Pitchford Druid from Do-do; and RHYLL, a full brother of Romp, described above. The pedigree of the crack pointer is as follows:

Carl	... ...	Carl ...	... {	Carlo ...	... {	Jasper
				Dixey ...	... {	Sal Garnet
				Rapid Ben	... {	Doxey Naso of Kippin
Belle	... ...	Belle ...	... {	Hebe ...	... {	Venus of Bromfield
					Bang	
					Florence	

Amongst the above names field trialers will recognise a good many strong winners, Garnet and Naso of Kippin amongst them. I ought to say that the photographs were taken last autumn, so that the PUPPIES, which look particularly small for this time of year, have probably furnished into strong candidates for honours at the forthcoming field trials.

The RETRIEVERS are a good-looking lot, and they are, as I said before, dogs of long descent, being of the same strain as that of the imported dog which figured so long ago in the *Sporting Magazine*.

Colonel Cotes is one of the most active of the Shropshire landowners in keeping up the local as well as the general interest in the National Field Trials, which were never stronger than they are at present. He, moreover, lends a hearty support to most of the other meetings, both by his presence and his dogs. He is a thorough sportsman, and shows it by the enthusiastic admiration he is as ready to bestow on other people's dogs as on his own, when they do really fine work. Indeed, I have heard him say much more about other people's dogs than about his own. At one time Colonel Cotes had a very smart breaker in J. Roberts, one who could pull off a victory if there was half a chance. Now



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#### RETRIEVERS.

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Foster hunts his dogs for him in a much more quiet manner; nevertheless this change has not in the smallest degree affected the characteristics of the kennel which I have here described, showing that they have not their origin in the method of breaking but in the blood of both pointers and setters.

G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

#### GULLS AT BEMERSYDE.

THOSE who read in COUNTRY LIFE of the forsaken gull pond at Pallinsburn will be interested to hear that the even more famous one at Bemersyde, on the other side of the Tweed, is as flourishing as ever. A correspondent who has been staying in the neighbourhood writes a pretty description of it in the winter weather of March, and though the letter was not originally meant for publication, the following may be of interest: "It was coming on to snow, and so I hurried on to Bemersyde, and had to go down side roads to the loch, which is not much more than a swampy expanse, with ploughed fields rising around, and on a height of the moor a little way off were the remains of a peel-tower that must be Sandyknowe. But it is, indeed, the Pictarnies' loch, for the air just grew thick with them yelling, laughing, wheeling; they are most graceful light birds. All their heads seemed black, and they were the jolliest, most clamorous crew I ever saw circling above the intruder on their privacy. The ground was all covered with feathers. There was a lot of gulls following the ploughman on a neighbouring field along with rooks and jackdaws. And it was cold—the sedge was withered from the lake and no birds sang. I wandered along the boggy edge half frozen, but I got repaid with the pleasure of raising quite close a couple of geese with great grunting cries and heads shot out. It was all fine, and untamed the scene, the solitary half-frozen marsh (except the ploughed fields not a sign of man except the forgotten tower on the moor), the wind whistling among the reeds, the flakes of snow from a bitter sky, and the crowds of gulls tossed like stormy foam from the dark marshland, the harsh grating of disturbed geese, and the occasional plaintive call of peewits. . . . One of the pictures I feel the most with an unchangeable fascination came on that lonely mere. 'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds and the wild water lapping on the crag'—these lines thrill me always, they are so distinct and give the feeling of the place. I think the word mere one to conjure up all that is mystic, remote, poetic. There is very little water at Bemersyde, however; there is more at the adjacent Whirrig Bog, which is not a quarter of the extent. Going up the bank I started some grouse, and above the



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

#### PUPPIES.

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level saw the snowy tops of the Cheviots. I suppose you are quite familiar with Bemersyde House and Thomas the Rhymer's

'Tyde, Tyde, whate'er betye,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersy'e.'

Colonel Haig is never there. Perhaps you know he is not of the family which ended in three old ladies who lived in Italy and took a fancy to him when Attaché to the Duke of Edinburgh and left him the estate, and he adopted the name. There is an awfully fine painting by Turner of Bemersyde with Sir W. Scott, who was connected with the family at the fountain where the old tree is."

## . . . "PLAY!" . . .

**W**ITH a sudden outburst of sun and warmth one can fall with an easy conscience to the writing about that great sport, the very thought of which makes one shudder when the rime is on the grass or the wind in the east. Whether the season of 1901 is to produce anything special in the way of interest or surprise is a matter which still lies upon the knees of the gods; but in the event of the remodelling of the famous l.b.w. law by the Marylebone Club, whether such recast be temporary or final, it is quite conceivable that we may find that something has been done in the abbreviation of scores. Without exactly desiring that the proposed amendment should become law, and that a part of the ground should be holy ground, profanation of which by the batsman's leg may under certain conditions be highly penal, we confess that there will certainly be some interest connected with the experiment, especially as we personally are somewhat sceptical as to the results of it when the wicket is firm and hard; and few bowlers, if any, in these degenerate days can make the ball turn on sun-hardened mud with the grass blades well rolled into it. On what are known as "bowler's wickets" the bowler wants no extra help, while in any condition of the ground the batsman will be more or less cramped who has been educated on the sound principle of "Throw your left leg well across when playing an off-ball." Some new stroke may have to be discovered to obviate the possibility of being l.b.w. under the new rule, if it be passed, and the cases arising under it may be few; but if only two men per match are its victims, it may be that scoring will be largely kept under, especially if Ranjitsinhji, Abel, or Fry choose to violate the rule before they are well set. Our own view—we have confessed to being sceptical—is that whereas batsmen used to play an offensive stroke on the breaking-back ball, sometimes scoring and not unfrequently being caught off it, they will now play a purely defensive stroke, in which event time will be lost, and the new rule will carry its own defeat with it. *Qui vivra verra.*

Another point of interest will be the development of the bowler-umpire question—the two functions should, as far as the throwing difficulty is concerned, be coupled. The whole story is so long, and has afforded so much opportunity during the winter for discussion, often for mere "hare-brained chatter," that it would be vain repetition to reopen the matter again. We would suggest, however, that before a bowler is condemned as a "chucker" it should be agreed by the body of umpires that he always, or nearly always, "chucks." Now that there are two men to watch him, the occasional throw should not, though it may be that it often does, escape notice, and on this point the remark made lately in our hearing by a cricketer of large experience may well be quoted. Being asked "Does Mold throw?" he replied, "Not always." "Then which ball does he throw?" "The one he bowls you out with. All the others are easy enough." There was a moral attached to this which the speaker did not intend, viz., that if the throw gets the batsman out, here is a solution of the reduction-of-long-scores problem, but into this we cannot here enter. It will be curious, however, to see how the two classes, the condemned and the suspects, comport themselves when they know that in addition to the four eyes of the umpires the innumerable eyes of the spectators will be fixed on their arms, to see whether they can adapt their actions to the strict law, or whether the old failings, if failings there be, are congenital and irremovable.

There will be no Australian eleven this season to upset or hazard our claims to supremacy, which claims indeed were, according to some folk, shattered by the last eleven that came over; and as in the South African team, which is by no means representative, we shall find good fellows and doughty foes, but hardly our victors, it is once more county cricket to which our attention will be mainly directed. It would be ridiculous to attempt to forecast the results of the county competition. The leading counties will practically be represented by the same men as did battle for them last year. It is another question whether the same men will be in the same form. There is no reason why Yorkshire should not stay at the top of the ladder, but Lancashire will have to work hard to maintain its place, as not only will Briggs be an absentee—unless his constitution wins a wonderful and a second victory over his recent attack—but Hallam has been allowed to slip away to Nottingham, the county of his birth. With Mold bowling under difficulties, the attack of the county will certainly be weak, while that of Notts will be strengthened to the extent of Hallam's success. Kent seems more likely to retain a high place than Sussex, which county, with very little bowling, cannot expect to win matches outright, though powerful batting may avert actual defeat. Surrey was in much the same condition last year. If Lockwood (now a "suspect") loses his skill while trying to modify his action, and if Richardson fails to come back to his old form, the men of the Oval will draw more matches than they win. Middlesex may always be anywhere; they will at least have the advantage of Warner's presence once more, and of regular help from Bosanquet, of whom much is expected. Should Hearne come back to form, and Trott start as well in 1901 as he finished in 1900, the "county of Lord's"—as Middlesex has been called—may do well. But there are two general outcries from the counties, or from the majority of them, viz., lack of bowlers and lack of cash. New laws may help to produce bowlers, but only fine weather will produce ducats. A wet Bank Holiday is a very serious blow to the treasury of a county that is "at home" that day; it is practically decisive of solvency or insolvency for the time being, and we note with approbation the prudent action of two counties that exchange visits on the big holidays in "pooling" receipts, a form of insurance that might well be adopted by others. The expenses of cricket, including, we are glad to say, the wages of the profes-

sionals, are so much greater now than they used to be—fifty years ago £300 was considered a magnificent "benefit"—that the matter of the cash-box is a highly serious one, and, as we hinted before, the depth of the lining of that box depends on the amount of sunshine experienced on, and before, one particular day. Whether it be St. Swithin or the mythical clerk that controls the weather, to him should all cricketers, and especially all treasurers, address their orisons. There will be the usual Gentlemen v. Players matches, and the usual cricket festivals, while some half-dozen good men will take their benefits, a special match being played in September, often a finer month than August, for the Yardley Testimonial Fund, to which we wish all success, if only as a tribute to the memory of one of the finest cricketers who ever handled a bat. The University match is fixed for July 4th; at present, and on paper, Cambridge seems to have the best prospects, especially in the quality of their surviving "blues," but once more it will be left to the bowling to decide the day, and in that department both sides will probably be weak. It was thought last year that on a bad wicket Cambridge would have been at least as good as their rivals. We hardly like to wish for a sticky wicket, but more fun would be got out of the match if we were allowed to watch two sides that were able to get each other out, than two teams of sound batsmen demolishing bad bowling on a Lord's lawn.

W. T. FORD.



**T**Hese notes will be in the hands of our readers on the day of the opening of the regular polo season at Hurlingham. The improvements at this club, which include an enlarged show ground and increased stable accommodation, have not caused the management to neglect their polo ground, which is in better order than ever. The long years of intelligent care bestowed on the Hurlingham match ground cause it to remain, in spite of some defects of shape, the best for play in or round London. That association and sentiment may have something to do with this opinion is possible. Yet few polo players would differ from this view. Turning to Ranelagh, we find that this enterprising club has been able to give its members the much-coveted advantage of a practice ground. We all want to knock the ball about at times, both for our own sake and that of our ponies. To permit this on the grounds used for matches and members' games is not possible. As I write the sun is shining brightly, and a few days of fine weather after the ample rain we have had ought to bring the grounds into splendid playing order. Hurlingham and Ranelagh were each without one of their polo managers last year. Both have returned, and Captain Egerton Green has now left the Service. This will be a gain to Hurlingham, but a loss to Army polo. It is an open secret that he had as much as anyone to do with the management of the 12th Lancers' polo club. Their ponies were sold last Monday at Tattersall's for good prices. The finances of the club have been so well managed that nearly the whole sum realised at the sale will be available for restarting the regiment with ponies on their arrival in India. Like his brother manager, Captain E. D. Miller at Ranelagh, Captain Egerton Green is a very sound polo player. We may look, of course, for losses and gains in our lists of players. For example, the Old Cantabs are without the services of Mr. Godfrey Heseltine, who, however, was playing polo in South Africa a few weeks ago. Captain Renton is advertising his four famous tournament ponies for sale, and his absence will be a serious loss to first-class polo. Lord Villiers does not mean to play, and is also selling his ponies. The Duke of Roxburghe and Mr. Neil Haig will be away, as also will Captain George Milner. For some time, if not for the whole season, Mr. Tresham Gilbey will probably only be a spectator, but it is hoped that his brother, Mr. Guy Gilbey, one of our few good No. 1 players, will this season return to the game, which he has not played since his serious accident three years ago. Of course, we shall miss many regimental teams. It is, perhaps, unlucky that the Blues, possibly the keenest at polo of the Household regiments, should be stationed at Windsor. Nevertheless, Barnes is not far from there, and I am glad to note that the Blues are down for a good many matches—in fact, they play Hurlingham on Saturday next. This game, with the final of the Trial Tournament, will make a considerable attraction for polo players on May 4th at Fulham. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the Old Cantabs v. Ranelagh at Barn Elms looks very tempting. The Messrs. McCreery have been playing in California this winter at the Burlingame Club, one of the oldest in America, and should be in form. But, of course, the real attraction is to see Mr. Buckmaster. His presence, too, assures us that the Ranelagh managers will put a good team in the field to oppose him. Mr. F. Freake, too, will come up to town in good practice, for he has been playing at the new Stratford-on-Avon Club, which is likely to have a future before it. Mr. Marshall Field, the president, is an enthusiast, and the ground, having been carefully treated, and being naturally of good turf, promises to take a very high place among provincial club grounds. The situation, too, near Leamington and Rugby, makes it easy to prepare a good programme of matches with other clubs. This is a matter of great importance to the well-being of any club.

If now we turn to the sales of ponies, we shall see that prices have been fairly well maintained. Taking the sale of the Messrs. Miller's ponies as a test to go by, I note that although there were no very high prices, such as the £750 which the late Lord Kensington paid in 1898 for Sailor, and again in 1899 for Policy, yet the average price was fairly high, the averages in the three years working out as follows: 1898, thirty ponies averaged 281 guineas; 1899, thirty-three averaged 247 guineas; 1901, thirty-four averaged 217 guineas. All things considered, the results of this year's sale show little falling off, especially if we take into account the number of polo players who are still absent in South Africa. The above prices may be said to represent the market value of the very highest class of polo pony. The animals would come for the most part up to weight; many of them would carry 14st. in a fast game. Then they all show a great deal of blood, and are well trained and well tried in first-class matches. The playing life of a well-treated pony is a long one, and a really good pony is always worth the price paid, up to, say, 350 guineas, in the hands of a good player. Monday at Tattersall's is always instructive at the beginning of the polo season. The names of the buyers tell us who mean to play, and the fact that Colonel Fenwick (R.H.G.), Captain St. George Daly, and Sir John Campbell were all considerable purchasers, points to the

reappearance of all three on our polo grounds this season. Other players of note who are preparing for the season are Messrs. Patteson, Morres, and Cecil Nickalls. The last-named came on as much as any of our younger players last season. Lord Ingestre, and his father, Lord Shrewsbury, and that fine player Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks, will all be seen out. Mr. C. D. Miller will be in England this year again, and Mr. Rowland Hudson evidently intends to play a good deal, as he made some rather extensive purchases. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, and Mr. Frank Hargreaves are among the older players who may be expected to put in a regular attendance.

The Polo Pony Society has elected Lord Ebrington and Professor Cossar Ewart to its council, and both were present at the recent meeting when it was resolved to divide the Stud Book into two parts. First, the Stud Book, in which ponies should only be entered when, at four years old, they have passed the test of measurement, and, secondly, a supplement, in which all produce will be entered if bred from a registered parent on one or both sides, will be issued.

The conditions of the county cup remain the same as last year, but Sir H. de Trafford succeeds Mr. G. H. Pilkington as president of the County Polo Association. This week will appear "Thomas's Polo Diary," which is so far official that the matter contained therein has been supplied first hand by the secretaries of the leading clubs and polo associations all over the world. It aims at supplying the same place for English players that the "Polo Calendar" does for Indian followers of the game.

X.

## A CHURCHYARD . . . SUPERSTITION.

**I**T is a tiny burying-ground on a hillside looking over ploughed fields and woods to the Cheviots. Here, indeed, the rude forefathers of the hamlet can sleep a lonely sleep, where are no paths ever trod by worshippers, and only Nature, unforgetful, weeps dew and rain. It is surrounded by a dyke, over which a rustic stair goes, the big gate with mossy stone pillars being only opened when there is a funeral. At the end of March the grass was full of snowdrops and celandines and daffodils coming out, and there were some old twisted elders budding. A curious superstition is attached to the place, and was told to the writer by one of those old women who have survived from a simpler generation. She is eighty, and still carries her eggs to market every market day. She had an ancient straw hat on, and shawls reaching to various depths over her skirt, which, as well as a short petticoat, was kilted up, showing her huge boots. She had a basket on one arm and a great baggy umbrella on the other. She had a regular rustic face, with the red stuck on that never changes. She is a widow, and has lived at the same place for forty years. She said the church belonging to the graveyard of Hume had been down for hundreds of years, and that there are some very old tombstones. Whenever the gates were opened it was never for one funeral—from three to five always followed within the next six weeks. This never failed to happen, and so when the first funeral occurs the people in the neighbourhood just sit and wait, with their hands in their laps, resigned and prepared, with the ancient rustic fatalism. The old lady vowed it was true, for that she always watched, and the quiet kirkyard among the moors is insatiate and methodical; no piety or wit can save you from it. Then with her hat and umbrella, her basket and her kilted skirt, she passed on her way, active and cheerful, despite her fourscore years and her forebodings.

## AT THE THEATRE.

**S**IR HENRY IRVING knew so well how dangerously dull a play was "Coriolanus" that he reduced its five acts to three, and took from it bodily scenes and speeches without ruth, in order to lighten it. Why, knowing this as well as he did, he should have revived "Coriolanus" at all is one of those managerial mysteries the layman fortunately is not called upon to understand. It is not even as though the name-part offered great chances to the actor—especially could it not have appealed to Sir Henry Irving, who is quite unsuited, physically, to the character. One can only surmise, and the surmise does our great actor-manager no more than proper honour, that the reproduction of the play is due to a spirit of virtuous—it is a rarely-acted play of Shakespeare, and that to Sir Henry was reason enough.

But how wearying it is. One can believe that the imagination may be stimulated through the ear by a trumpet-tongued actor whose robust methods fill the stage and carry all before them—though even that is not a very thrilling excitement to contemplate; still, one can fancy a great declamatory actor like Salvini lifting one off one's feet occasionally at certain moments of the tragedy. The character demands the broad histrionism of the old school. But to watch the sensitive, fine-edged, subtle Irving struggling with adversity, seeking to give resonance to the lengthy speeches, and flouncing through the heroic lines, is wearying, because it is genius misapplied. It is a watchmaker's file at work on a stone roller. If there is one speech in the play which stirs the blood and should move an audience to enthusiasm, it is that of Coriolanus, banished, turning his back upon Rome, where he has so recently arrived a laurelled conqueror—the speech ending ". . . thus I turn my back: There is a world elsewhere." At the Lyceum on the first night it went for nothing, simply because Sir Henry has not the physical strength, the vigour of voice, to send it rolling home. We doubt whether here, or elsewhere, the character has ever received the thought Sir Henry has given to it, has ever expressed so much as he makes it express. We doubt if there has been a finer scorn, a bitterer contempt for the plebeians, a more delicately human

conception of the part. But, unfortunately, that is not what it wants. When Sir Henry's powers and temperament find momentary comradeship with the text, as, for instance, in the scene where Caius Marcius melts in the tears of his mother and his wife, nothing could be more delightful, more human, more natural. But the qualities of humanity and naturalness are not the qualities by which the character of Coriolanus stands or falls, from the acting point of view—its indispensable necessities are elocution and deportment, two things in which the modern actor has to yield the palm to his predecessors; just as they were inferior to him in finesse, braininess, delicacy, and all that we understand by subtlety and observation. An actor who united in himself to a high degree the qualities of new and old would take the world by storm. As we cannot get this Admirable histrionic Crichton, we would rather have the suggestive mental acting of an Irving than the vigorous physical acting of a Macready. He is more attuned to the spirit of our time. But our time is not sympathetic towards Coriolanuses, and Sir Henry Irving should rather excel in the metaphysical philanderings of a Hamlet, the devilries of a Louis XI., the conscience-tortures of a Mathias, than fail in the coarser villainies of a Macbeth, the primitive love-passion of a Romeo, the heroics of a Coriolanus.

With the exception of the Junius Brutus of Mr. Laurence Irving, a minute study of facial and hand play, suggesting petty meanness if ever we saw it; of the dignified and pitiful Menenius Agrippa of Mr. J. H. Barnes; the vigorous Sicinius Velutus of Mr. Hearn—there is nothing of real distinction in the Lyceum casting of the play. Miss Ellen Terry is not suited to the character of Volumnia, any more than is Sir Henry to that of Volumnia's son. She is not a tragedy queen in the heroic mould. She hesitated and stammered until she came to the time when she had to be womanly and pleading—then she was our own Ellen Terry again, with the womanly dignity, and the womanly emotionalism—a very different thing from the tempestuous or austere passion of "tragedy queens" to which we have always paid willing tribute. Miss Mabel Hackney and Miss Maud Milton had too little to do to afford them any opportunity. The character of Tullus Aufidius has been so shorn that there is hardly sufficient left by which to judge Mr. Ashcroft; but what little of the part remains seems to show the actor is unsuited to it.

The earnestness, the whole-souled devotion to all that is best in his art, which have ever been so magnificent through Sir Henry's career, show no signs of falling off. The qualities of mind and genius in his acting which—in alliance with his wonderful personality—have placed him at the head of his calling, have diminished no jot. But neither has the lack of initiative and of enterprise in finding new material and exploiting the modern British dramatist—the Davidson, the Phillips, the Hamilton, to name but a few of those who would be likely to fill the Irving-Lyceum canvas—given way to the eclecticism, the sprightliness, the spirit, the exploration of new pastures, which distinguish many of those who call Sir Henry Irving chief.

**T**HE sheer delight of seeing the austere, the spiritual, the remote Forbes Robertson as the swashbuckling hero of a romantic play should attract people to the Comedy Theatre to see "Count Tezma," a new piece by Mr. A. N. Homer. Let it be said at once that Mr. Robertson makes an exceedingly manly, vigorous, and presentable swashbuckler, with the added attraction of a certain depth and reserve force of his own.

Count Tezma, our hero, is a native of Dalmania, a principality evidently bordering upon Ruritania, which, as the school-books do not tell us, is ruled by the House of Elphberg. He is a splendid fellow, beneath all his duelling, his gambling, and his lack of love for women. He is a friend of friends; he is chivalrous; he is a foe to all meannesses. He has taken under his wing a very poor specimen of a man, to whom, however, he is devotedly attached. Young Paul von Vazelberg, lieutenant in the swagger regiment in which Tezma is a captain, has, unknown to Tezma, paid court to Tezma's sister Alma, won her heart, and to her plighted his troth. This does not prevent him—despite his vows, despite the obligations which he is under to her brother—deserting her in favour of Princess Ilona. Tezma, in pure friendship, does all that is possible to forward his suit with the royal lady.

But an unscrupulous soldier, one Captain Valeski, is very much in love with Alma Tezma, and, while she is smarting under her wrongs, makes a compact with her to ruin Paul, after which she is to become Valeski's wife. There is an inflexible rule in the regi ment that a defaulting debtor of honour must commit suicide. So Valeski plays Paul for higher stakes than Paul can afford, and wins from him a larger sum than he can meet—Valeski having previously made everything sure by marking the cards. Paul, who has gained the girlish consent of the Princess to marry him, does not want to kill himself, and goes to Tezma once more to help him out.

Now Tezma has himself fallen in love with Ilona, and because he is Paul's good friend, and because he thinks she loves Paul, he hands over to Paul the large sum of money—the last

he can raise—which was to have gone to pay his own losses at cards. *Ergo*, he himself will have to commit the happy despatch. But fortunately, in the last act, Valeski confesses to the Prince, Paul has to relinquish Ilona, and Tezma marries the Princess. Thus, from a first act of exceptional promise, from material which should have afforded a last act of intensity and excitement, we get merely tameness, convention, confessions, and a general absence of effect. It is a pity—for we were looking forward to scenes of strenuous "thrill" when Tezma discovered he was going to kill himself for the sake of a man who had deserted his sister; there were chances, here and elsewhere, of an act of situations quite Sardouesque. But, from the beginning of the second act, the interest began to taper off, the ratio of diminution being much quickened in the third.

The main idea of the play is a strong one; but lack of invention and the technique of construction prevented the interest being sustained; and the dialogue, while adequate, had no especial graces of its own to help things out. Mr. Homer is a writer of stories who provides one more proof that the novelist, *per se*, is less likely to furnish a good drama than anyone else. Concentration is absolutely necessary, motivation must be

expressed through the mouths of the characters, and not in explanatory paragraphs or chapters.

There was a rollicking note in the usually statuesque voice—if the description may be pardoned—of the ascetic, but always artistic and poetic and admirable, Mr. Robertson. At first—that is, gradually—it assumed the rather melancholy cadences which a long connection with the tragic drama has made habitual. Still, the actor made Tezma a virile, attractive figure, picturesque and romantic, and achieved quite a surprising success in a new branch of his art. Miss Gertrude Elliott, as always, was wholly captivating, giving to the character of Ilona a girlish earnestness beneath its *insouciant* charm, wholly the young actress's own—to hear her sing the plaintive little song in the first act is delightful.

Mr. Ian Robertson attained quite a distinguished success in the small character of the Hereditary Prince of Dalmania, which he invested with a supercilious graciousness and a quaint affection very clever indeed. The Valeski of Mr. Frank Mills was a capital piece of firm, incisive, earnest acting. Mr. Marsh Allen, as Paul the invertebrate, played the part as well as it could be played. Miss Suzanne Sheldon was quite out of her element as Alma.

PHÆBUS.

## THE THAMES SAILING CLUB.

**T**HERE had been complaints that spring came with an unusual slowness "up our way." Then, on Saturday, one woke, and there was sunlight, and even the sparrows seemed to have won the gift of song. It is to be supposed that the miracle which happens gradually every spring had been in secret preparation for many a long week past.

But the fact remains that it appeared to have happened—as, after all, a miracle should—quite suddenly. One went forth and found the sun overpoweringly warm; until that day one had been growing slowly certain that there would never again be any warmth. A certain horse-chestnut was putting forth its pale green leaves; yet in sooth we were all but ready to swear that on the previous day they had been shut away in glutinous bud-cases, protected against the cold and the eternal rain. Of course, there had been flowers, for London gets the flowers of



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A FLYING START.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

half the world, no matter how she may be besieged by frost and bitter winds. But one had begun to long for the spectacle of flowers which had come into being in the place where one saw them without any coercion save the tender invitation of the spring. On Saturday one found that this had at last been issued, and that plum trees and pear trees were white with lovely blossom.

There was a good breeze blowing, the sky was blue, and the sun shining, and it happened to be for ever so many people the day of the beginning of the little freedom that ends and begins the week. It seemed to occur to almost all of these that on such a day there could be no resort so fitting as the river. So they went by all the routes available, crowding the omnibuses, even inside, and making the underground trains uncomfortably full. There was everywhere a blaze of sunlight, uncomfortable to eyes that have lately known only intervals of light, and there was, for those who travelled by road, a haze which would



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FROM THE MIDDLESEX SHORE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have been picturesque had it not been blinding. The local authorities, like the individual, had ceased to hope that the spring would ever come, and the water-carts had been stored in some entirely inaccessible place. The dust they should have laid rose into the air, and compelled the unhappy traveller to see London in an aspect that would have delighted any lover of impressionist art.

At last one got to the river and envied—in a sort of way—the men who were responsible for what was to happen afterwards. For the man who knows how to manage a sailing-boat is a very happy person. Everyone who is capable of activity has his own opinion as to which is the best of all sports. We should be extremely sorry if there did not exist this great diversity of opinion. Yet for the moment, at any rate, we are inclined to think that the man who can sail a boat is about the happiest of all.

The boat is wood and steel, supplemented by canvas. When it gets into the hands of the man who understands it, it becomes something like a living creature, gifted with the highest intelligence. The greater the difficulties to be encountered the better is the man able to materialise his will. The least touch of his hand enables his boat to make a point at the expense of a rival which is directed by a man less skilful than he. There is, in fact, no quality which he cannot bring into play. Caution counts for a great deal, and impudent daring for just as much.

Lying in the bows, one realises all these facts. Also one is conscious that the blue sky is reflected in waters pleasantly broken by the warm wind that is blowing; and that it is good, on Saturdays, to have won to a position where no one can by any possibility come to demand that one should work.

One watches the proceedings, and sometimes feels a trifle brave because one is not alarmed when steamers go by just when the man in charge is tacking. One remembers how one hated—from the obscurity of an outrigger dingy—the



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NEARING THE TOP BUOY.

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LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOME PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ALANNAH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

centre-boards which sailed the Upper River at Oxford, obeying, apparently, the dictates of very capricious elements, unless it was the people on board who were proving again (as your amateur always does) that the doctrine of original sin is a mere bald statement of fact.

But, to refer in detail to the events of Saturday which are illustrated, and with which we are particularly concerned, it may be considered that, although enjoying to the full the brilliant sunshine and blue skies, the competitors who took part in the matches of the Thames Sailing Club at Surbiton could have wished for a little better winds than those with which they were favoured. All the same, a capital day's sport was enjoyed, and the events were made the more interesting by the first appearance of Mr. Paul L. Waterlow's new boat Alannah, which proved herself to have realised her owner's expectations, and was certainly a very fine and fast craft. For the first event, the Dunnage Chal-

lence Cup and a prize of five guineas, both presented by Messrs. Jackson, eight competitors listened for the judge's horn, the principal among them being the now veteran prize-winner Ulva, a boat very much like the Alannah, and captained by her owner, Mr. T. Foster Knowles; Mr. Clarke's new boat Alskling; and Latona, sailed by Mr. J. F. Storey. The remaining craft were Elsie (Mr. W. H. Wheeler), Vera (Mr. E. E. Cook), Medje (Mr. C. P. Gosnell), and Yvonne (Mr. E. M. Bond). The match, which was over the eight miles of the long course at Surbiton, was started directly after eleven o'clock, and was a very close one. Vera led, with Alskling, Alannah, and the others close up. Unluckily, just before the start Ulva carried away the lacing of the mainsail on the luff of her yard, and was obliged to lower her canvas and repair damages. Meanwhile, she followed the fleet up the reach under the peak of her sail and foresail. The E.S.E. breeze made it a reach both ways, and in the first round Alannah got the weather berth, with Alskling close under her lee.

Latona was third round the lower mark buoy, a position she held until the third round, when Elsie passed her. Ulva, whose lacing gave out again, retired after attempting the fourth round. A very close race was finished in the following order, only 14 sec. dividing Alannah and Alskling past the home mark:

Alannah, Mr. Paul L. Waterlow, winner, 12hr. 30min. 35sec.  
Alskling, Messrs. Clarke and Suoh ohm, second prize, 12hr. 30min. 49sec.  
Elsie, Mr. W. H. Wheeler, third prize, 12hr. 34min. 0sec.  
Latona, Mr. J. F. Storey, 12hr. 35min. 10sec.  
Vera, Mr. E. E. Cook, 12hr. 38min. 59sec.  
Yvonne, Mr. E. M. Bond, 12hr. 42min. 10sec.  
Medje and Ulva retired.

The prize presented by the commodore, Mr. T. S. Field, brought out the same number of competitors in the afternoon at three o'clock, the only difference in the composition of the fleets being that Medje retired, and Mr. M. Browne's Merrythought took her place. Elsie led over the line, with Alannah close up. Ulva and Vera followed together, and Yvonne fourth. Except that Elsie did not seem quite so well suited, and began to drop to leeward, for the first three rounds the race was a repetition of the morning match. In the fourth round, however, Ulva took the second berth, whilst the rest of the fleet, with the exception of Alskling, were left rather in the rear. The rear-commodore, Mr. Paul L. Waterlow, had the pleasure of winning his second race for the day, and it seems likely that these initial performances of his new boat will be repeated through the season. The times of the second match are given below:

Alannah, 1<sup>o</sup>, Mr. Paul L. Waterlow, winner, 4hr. 35min. 36sec.  
Ulva, 1<sup>o</sup>, Mr. T. F. Knowles, second prize, 4hr. 37min. 33sec.  
Alskling, 1<sup>o</sup>, Messrs. Clarke and Suoh ohm, third prize, 4hr. 38min. 13sec.  
Latona, 0<sup>o</sup>80, Mr. J. F. Storey, 4hr. 50min. 0sec.  
Merrythought, 0<sup>o</sup>85, Mr. M. Browne, 4hr. 50min. 35sec.  
Elsie, Vera, and Yvonne retired, the latter having fouled a mark.



**S**O infrequently does one come across really good verse in these days—that is to say, verse above the standard of respectable mediocrity—that it may not be too late to say a word about the remarkable poem contributed by Ford Madox Hueffer to the current *Fortnightly*. It is a little ungainly in shape, but that is almost the only fault to be found with it. Yet this is not unimportant either, since it leads the author to call it a song-drama, which is about as sensible as it would be to talk of a mutton steak. Greater perfection of form, too, would have dispensed with so many stage directions in italics. The substance of the matter is that "the Spirit of the Age" very proudly and arrogantly points to all that has been attained in our time, cities, towers, palaces, factories, railways, and what not, as if they were to last for ever; but Mother Nature, usually so still and silent, calls up the great civilisations of the past, and shows how her servants the grass and the dust buried and consigned them to oblivion. You get the substance of it all in this passage after Nature has been adjured to reply:

"The Mother (very softly): Where is Troy?

The Spirit of the Age: What's Troy compared to me?

The Mother:

Where Carthage, Ninevah,

Where Greece, where Egypt, where all that host

Whose very names are lost?

The Little Blades of Grass (whispering):

When we crave them

Then we have them.

The Little Grains of Sand and Dust:

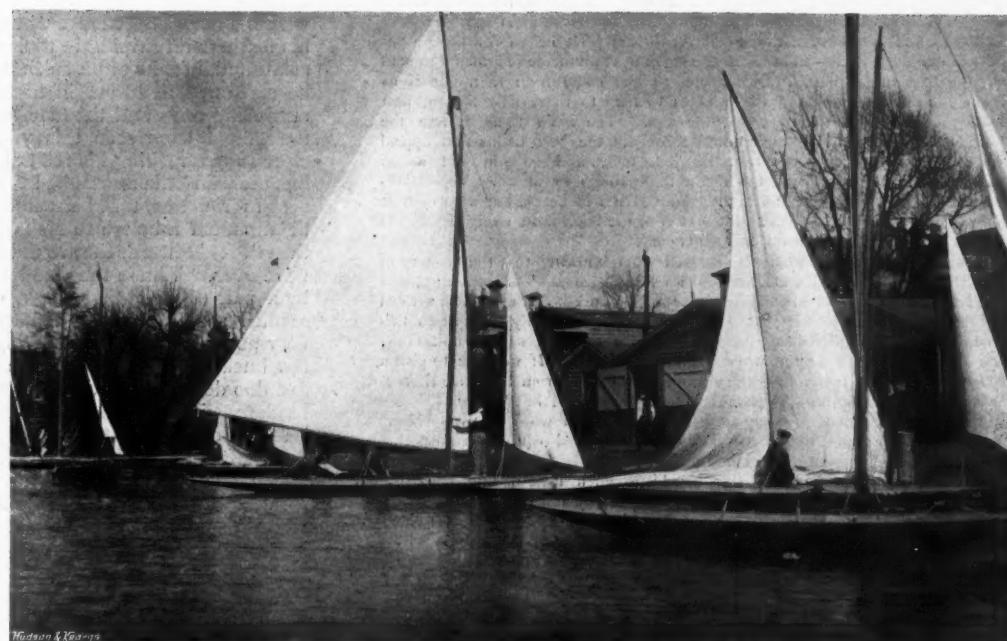
When the winds blow we o'er-ride them

And we hide them

Silently."

Thus is an old thought put very finely and simply, and we hope to hear again from Ford Madox Hueffer.

Mr. G. A. B. Dewar's pleasant articles on "White of Selborne" set me thinking the other day of his subject, old-time naturalists, but I had not gone far before feeling inclined to enlarge the title. The word naturalist expresses something too formal for one who goes to Nature more for pleasure than for



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#### AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mation—it suggests the name of men like Darwin and Linnaeus and Buffon, and a host of others equally great and learned whom one reads, if at all, for the sake of information. But the really delightful writers on the open air were not naturalists in this sense. Father Izaak Walton is not even a trusty guide to fishing. I remember well in my young and enthusiastic days taking him every morning in the beautiful June weather down to Tillside, and endeavouring to carry out his precepts, to the intense amusement of an old Irish angler who could not spell, and yet taught me more about fishing in half-an-hour than could have been gained by a ten years' study of *Piscator*. Yet whether useful or not, he was delightful to read when the willows threw long shadows on water that was so clear one could count the stones at the bottom, and watch the fat, lazy trout that softly moved their fins in mid-stream and were indifferent to every lure. Ladies' smocks did not chequer the meadows then, but on the river bank were millions of blue speedwells, and the cows grazed among daisies and buttercups. The stream was fringed with sedges, but had no water-lilies, and in my mind "The Compleat Angler" is associated with the wild-flowers, and so I do not care to call him a naturalist as if he were a formal student of flora and fauna.

Many other writers of great charm fall naturally into the same category as Izaak Walton, the most modern example being Richard Jefferies. The excellent Richard crammed so much information into his lines that he was called a maker of catalogues. Yet this information is of singularly little avail. He is not a bit of good to steal from. But if you wish to know how the sun used to shine at Coate, or share in that joy he felt so exquisitely in spring's expansion of leaf and bud, or if you are troubled by that unceasing wonder of his that the flowers come and go, birds sing and are still, just the same when you see and listen, and when, as Mr. Hueffer says, the little blades of grass and the little grains of sand have taken you back to earth again, then Jefferies will supply the want. His is a kind of writing that partly fulfils the function of poetry. Indeed, every great poet seems to have had a Jefferies inside him, to have contained Jefferies. Look what minute touches of Nature there are in Chaucer! Or take that passage in Milton beginning with the famous lines: "Now came still evening on, and twilight grey Had in her sober livery ail things clad." Jefferies was not so great a writer as Milton, but the quality of his Nature descriptions is the same, in kind at least, as the quality in that. He gives you the feeling of the time and scene just as, once and for all, Milton there has given you the feeling of the gloaming.

And, of course, Shakespeare contained Jefferies as he contained almost every other species of man. Of the open-air life of England he was as completely master as he was of the human heart. He loved horses so much that one description of his is as good in points as that of the Hackney Society; his verse is saturated with expressions learned in falconry; in a passage he has summed up all that was known of bee-keeping in his time; the list of dogs in Macbeth speaks for itself; his references to flowers, indeed to all that is most beautiful in Nature, make up the loveliest pieces of English extant. But it is just the same with Homer, who also had that wide, loving sympathy, not with mankind only, but with all that has life and all that has not life in his surroundings.

It seems a jump to come back to Selborne after this excursion, but of course all this helps to place White, who in no wise belonged to the same tribe as those we have mentioned. He belonged to the useful category of those who collect facts, he was more of an Aristotelian than a Platonist, nearer Darwin than Carlyle, not of the class to which Thoreau and Jefferies belonged. He is what I said Jefferies was not, splendid to steal from, because his chief concern was with knowledge, and, barring one or two pet theories and half-superstitions, such as his idea that swallows were torpid in winter, he is as trustworthy to-day as he was a hundred years ago. And so his Selborne remains what it always was—one of those books that no gentleman's library should be without, as the good old-fashioned reviewer used to say.

I quite agree with what Mr. Andrew Lang has been saying about the unteachableness of literature, as far as schools and colleges are concerned. A boy or girl may know all the dates of all the authors that ever lived, be able to read the Early Saxon poets at sight, and have got up myriads of notes, such as are appended to classics for schools, and yet know nothing about it. For this is a case wherein the only true knowledge is love. Get a child to like literature, and it will do the rest for itself. One, and perhaps the only, way to do that lies with the mother. Should she happen to like books and will repeat her favourite verses and induce her boys and girls to read what interests them, not as a task, but as a pleasure, she is laying a good foundation for subsequent knowledge. Any formal teaching, on the other hand, is more likely to do harm

than good. For instance, the average University extensionist lecturer is in the way of reducing what should be a matter of taste to convention. It is necessary for him to find labels for authors—that is to say, what he thinks the proper thing to say about each—and thus have a stock of ready-made judgments to stuff into the ears of his pupils. No advantage can come from that. It is as hopeless to expect anything of the kind as to trust to those silly lists of best books that were the fashion some time ago. The main thing is that the individual should be himself. To him those are the best books that appeal most to his particular sympathies, his judgment, and so on, just as in bodily food a chemist's analysis is not a thing to go by at all. Vegetarians declare there is a vast amount of nitrogenous matter in beans, but what does it signify if you can't digest them? So, likewise, the book most easily digested is the best for the mind, whatever critics may say.

Some mild satisfaction may be derived from knowing that the mystery of the authorship of "The Love-Letters of an Englishwoman" is cleared up, and Mr. Laurence Housman stands convicted of the deed. It must be a serious addition to his responsibilities, since it appears that he not only has written this piece of morbid sentimentalism, but has been the cause of sundry imitations, each of which was a degree worse than the original. If we were to give a quotation suitable to the close of the episode, it would be from Laurence Sterne, "Wipe it up and say nothing about it," quoth my uncle Toby."

There are a few books on my table which deserve a word or two. Many people would, no doubt, like to possess a complete record of the boat-races that have been rowed between Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Wadham Peacock has most satisfactorily provided for this wish in his excellent little book "The Story of the University Boat Race (Grant Richards). Briefly and clearly he sets forth the origin of the tussle, the circumstances that led to the choice of colours, and kindred matters. Then each race is given a page of description, followed by the names and (in all but the very early races) the weights of the crews. One is at a loss to see how the volume could be improved.

In "Efficiency and Empire" (Methuen) Mr. Arnold White plays Cassandra's role. He tries to convince a stolid and slumbering British public that Great Britain shows fatal signs of decay, and that the rot can be traced to the ruling classes. The methods of conducting the Empire are absolutely unbusinesslike. Incompetency and the avoidance of responsibility have become the mark of nearly every public servant, with far-reaching effects on the nation. In politics, in religion, in education and social life great and sweeping changes are required if Britain is to survive. Many would be only too glad to see her fall. So that now is the time for us to begin the work of strengthening and renovation. Our defences are not properly managed, and the physical degeneration of a large part of the population through ignorance will soon lead to the disappearance of men capable of such duties. Thus in good set terms does Mr. Arnold White rail against the time, and though he may exaggerate, who shall deny that there is truth in his warning? One is glad, after this depressing jeremiad, to seek a salve for national self-respect in Colonel Mackinnon's "Journal of the C.I.V." (Murray). After all, our city-bred people cannot be so very degenerate, since at the call of duty they buckled on their armour and displayed in the field of battle all the boldness, hardihood, and daring that distinguished their forefathers. Whatever may have been our shortcomings during the long South African War, lack of manhood has certainly not been one of them. I am glad! Colonel Mackinnon has published this book. It is interesting to a high degree in itself, and will form for the City Volunteers and their friends an agreeable memento of a fine historical incident.

Whatever helps to popularise the Navy deserves a hearty welcome, and the first number of "Britain's Bulwarks" (Newnes) is such an excellent one that it is a pleasure to recommend it. The general idea is to bring before the reader the chief glories of the Old Navy and the New, and the work will be complete in fourteen numbers. It is written in lucid and attractive style, and very finely illustrated by Mr. Charles Dixon, who will be pleased with the reproduction of his pictures in colours, and Mr. C. J. Staniland, whose monochromes are excellent. Altogether it is a very satisfactory piece of work.

Books to order from the library:  
 "A Year in China," Clive Bigham. (Macmillan.)  
 "Romantic Essex," Reginald A. Becket. (Dent.)  
 "Anne Mainwaring," Lady Ridley. (Longmans.)

ON-LOOKER.

## SPRING.

**S**PRING has come at last. It was revealed to me quite suddenly. I had gone out for a walk, and noted that a delicate mantle of green was coming on the hawthorns, and the sprays of chestnut showed leaves nearly open, and bunches of tightly-closed flower-buds. It was so warm and fine that in the plantation one was irresistibly tempted to drop into what the children call Adam's armchair, a natural seat formed by an old tree that seems to have met with a misfortune in youth, since it sends up two trunks instead of one. Very pleasant it is to rest there and gaze through a vista of tall beeches that still are brown and bare and looked very fine and stately with the sunlight falling on them and brightening the red leaves carpeting the ground. A very slender streamlet trickles down the slope, and I suppose I must have been well concealed, for the chaffinches kept continually dropping to drink from a tiny pool at my feet. It could not have been a good scenting day, since a rabbit out for a ramble came straight to me with long deliberate skips. He stopped about five yards off, and I thought he must have caught the scent of tobacco smoke, but with his paws he began to wash his face quite happily. Then there was more rustling of the dead leaves, and a lark little squirrel came hopping along, making swift, furious little runs, rushing a few feet up a tree trunk, cocking his brush over his back, then down again, another mad little scamper, and more climbing, all in pure enjoyment of the fine spring weather. While I was looking at him there broke from the boughs above me that mad yell which only the yaffle can produce. How

hard to believe that it was meant for a love cry! Yet there he sat with his neck stretched out, the black and crimson and gold of his feathers all shining in the sunlight, really and truly a disconsolate and, in spite of his splendid attire, a lugubrious lover. Again he screamed, and then off he flew in search of his elusive lady, reminding one of all the mad lovers of fiction. Then a redstart, the first I have seen this year, flew gracefully to a twig quite close to me, flicking his red tail, and showing off his fine feathers, like the vain little mortal he is. With many ornamental flights and aerial pirouettes, that he seemed to be practising for his courtship, he mounted a bough to his liking, whistled a careless stave, and then floated towards the ground and disappeared, as if the rehearsal were over. Where the woodpecker had been was now occupied by a pair of wood-pigeons, a coy and unimpassioned hen who seemed rather bored by the attentions of the male. He was a very polite bird, and his bowings and cooings made me think of the bucks and dandies of the Regency, till it seemed no longer doo doo dookitaroo he said, but "Upon my soul and conscience, Madam, with my hand on my heart, I assure you there is but one lodestar of my existence, one angel of my adoration, one—" Well, after all, there was a certain prettiness in the love-making. Down below a robin with a very shining breast hopped on a sprig and whistled the pleasantest little song, as sweet as one of Herrick's; but in the middle his sharp eye caught sight of an insect, which he caught and gobbled up, then sang again and went off. There are times when all the poetry about spring sounds like empty unreal gush, but this was not one of them. All the twittering and babbling that came from songsters unseen proclaim that no one had said enough. I who write this have seen the coming and going of the swallows many years, noted the endless procession of the season till almost weary of them, and yet the pleasure and merriment of these wild creatures, the breaking of buds, the genial sun's warmth after a long winter, seemed to roll time backwards, and with me too it was spring once more.

P. A. G.

## THE OLD WOOD-CUTTER.

**T**HE type of artist represented by the old gentleman in the picture, hard at work with his axe, and skilfully fashioning out a rung, is one that it is increasingly difficult to find. It may really be said that his is one of the decaying industries, to be ranked with thatching and others of the same kind. It is, in fact, highly-skilled labour with the very simplest tools—that explains the class of work fairly enough—and it is work that is constantly being ousted from the market by the more exact and cheaper output of



Copyright CUTTING FAGGOTS INTO RUNGS. "C.L."

machine. Although the latter supplies the general need far more quickly and abundantly than the old-time workman, there is a quality of durability about his products that we do not always find in the like things made by the machine. It is too much to say that there is the difference between them which exists between cast iron and wrought; that, no doubt, would be to overstate the case. But there is this analogy, that whereas the work turned out by the individual is done with the knowledge of long experience and with intelligent selection, the work of the machine is unintelligent work. The machine will turn you out a rung with a rotten spot in it as glibly as a sound rung, an offence that a workman of the old-fashioned type—for the old-fashioned men were conscientious—would never commit; even as a piece of cast-iron may be soft or brittle, but the wrought-iron has been tried by the fire and hammer of the smith.

These men, who have used the axe all their lives, will do wonderful things with the seeming clumsy weapon, carving as neatly as an untried hand can carve with a penknife, and working the wood into form at a great pace. The complaint is constant and increasing, that the man to do odd jobs, to turn his attention to the thousand and one things, none of them singly of importance, that always require doing in the country, is very hard to find nowadays. It is a penalty that we pay for the invaluable saving of labour which we owe to machinery; but it is pleasant to find a few of the old type left.

## RACING . . . NOTES.

**T**HE most satisfactory piece of news which I have been able to pick up during the last week concerns that much-abused branch of sport known as pony racing, which so far has enjoyed a most unenviable reputation, which, considering the unfortunate circumstances against which it has had to struggle, has not been surprising, as all the people who had the misfortune to be warned off under the Rules of Racing and National Hunt Rules have been able to earn precarious livelihoods by the execution of various dark and cryptic schemes in pony racing. But this is to be so no longer, and all sentences passed by the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee will be strictly enforced by the executive, who are responsible for the existence of pony racing. This is good reading indeed, and it seems to hold out a hope that in the near future pony racing may be able to hold up its head once more as a comparatively respectable sport. There is really no reason why it should not, and the only drawback that I can see is that at present the number of ponies engaged is so small that it is possible for one, of rather better class than his fellows, to keep on winning with monotonous regularity until he dies of old age. But this with a better class of owner and more capital would soon be remedied, and if only two or three owners of the right sort combined to reform the many and obvious abuses which exist, the future of pony racing might be made very bright indeed.

It is full early in the season to begin congratulating ourselves on anything, as various troubles of all kinds are probably "lying on the knees of the gods" at this moment, but up to date the success of the English jockeys as against the American riders has been not only satisfactory but extraordinary. Day after day and week after week it has been the same, and instead of sweeping the board and filling the pockets of their enterprising friends, L. Reiff, J. Reiff, and the rest have had to be content with a few isolated victories. And our jockeys are achieving this success without indulging in any large amount of slavish imitation of the American method. Some of the most successful, as, for instance, M. Cannon, do not "crouch" at all, and even Madden and S. Loates, who have changed their method slightly, do not go to any extreme. It would seem as if the best combination had been discovered at last. And in my judgment it consists of a strong horseman who can ride a powerful finish, and who at the same time is content to reap the undoubted advantage which the "crouching" method gives him in the earlier part of the race. If this analysis of horsemanship should by any accident happen to be right, our American friends will never enjoy such a season as they had last year again, because they cannot ride a finish.

The fact that Volodyovski was badly beaten last week by a horse of no particular excellence does not prejudice his chance for the Derby in the very least. Indeed, it would have been much more disastrous if he had won. He is, of course, far from fit, and this public gallop will do him all the good in the world. As everybody who has trained either a man or a horse is well aware, there is one point which represents the acme of fitness, and beyond which and after which the man or the animal, as the case may be, begins to depreciate. It is the trainer's hope and ambition to bring his Derby horse to Epsom just at the particular point when skill and care have done their utmost, and the fact that Volodyovski ran a stone or so below his real form last week merely shows that Huggins has still much to do before Derby Day. In one respect this year's Derby differs from those of the last few years. It is no one-horse race, there is no great horse like Flying Fox or Diamond Jubilee or Isinglass or Galtee More who stands out by himself and spoils the race.

The Stock Exchange sportsmen are always bold and daring, but in their choice of a course for their Point-to-Point races, which were held last Saturday, their vaulting ambition, overleaping itself, came to sad trouble. The course, which was 3½ miles in length, was so stiff that not more than one quarter of the horses engaged succeeded in getting over it, and Mr. Seymour Caldwell lost a good mare in Lady Friar, besides breaking his own leg. The entries for all the four races were big enough, but on each occasion only one or two horses stood up. Among the successful ones were Mr. J. G. Buiteel's Goldfinch, Mr. J. E. Stevens's Solitude, Mr. L. W. Hendley's Half a Look, and Mr. W. Phillips's Rocket.

Sir Blundell Maple has evidently embarked upon one of those meteoric bursts of success to which he is liable, and without which, when his general luck is taken into consideration, he would be very badly off indeed. But this present run of luck should, I think, last him a little longer yet, at any rate over the Two Thousand Guineas, in which Lord Bobs has an undoubted chance if, as his owner thinks, he is far and away the best three year old which has come into his possession during the last few years. In the past Sir Blundell Maple has had the happy knack of winning very good races with very bad horses, and in support of this contention I would quote the cases of The Owl and Kirkconnel, neither of whom was anything more than second class. But Lord Bobs is considered to be something really very much above the average, and by all racing people the Two Thousand is looked upon as already over, which may or may not be.

Mr. J. Moffat and his trainer Goodwin are evidently people who like to indulge in harmless and amiable eccentricities. They possess between them a racing jacket which to the casual observer appears exactly like the colours which the King's horses carry. Imitation may be a useful and adequate form of flattery, but in this instance it is slightly misplaced, and if Mr. Moffat, or Goodwin, whoever the quasi-Royal jacket belongs to, would keep it at home everybody would be more pleased. Also Mr. Moffat is worrying us all by naming his horses after the days of the week, with numbers, which is confusing and clumsy.

The taxing of bookmakers is a subject which worries a good many people, but, although it has been decided that the "vocation" of a bookmaker (vocation is good) is subject to income-tax, it would require a very big and wide Revenue officer to succeed in obtaining much out of the average bookmaker. Some brilliant financier has suggested that bookmakers should be licensed, which, like a great many more absolutely unpractical proposals, sounds very nice on paper. The bookmaker is an elusive person, and it would be interesting to know how the licensing committee would be constituted.

Yet one more suburban race-course, and this time nearer town than ever. The Wembley Park people have at last succeeded in obtaining a licence from the Jockey Club, and the old trotting course has been destroyed to make room for a new race-course. If the management are generous and enterprising in the matter of added money, there is every reason why the meeting should succeed, but the proposal to get summer dates from the National Hunt does not sound at all promising to me. For one thing the ground will be very hard, and for another we have not got enough steeplechasers to last through the winter, let alone the summer. A Wembley Park Club will be formed, with Lord Marcus Beresford as secretary.

BUCEPHALUS.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

**P**ECULIAR interest attaches to the portrait of Lady Helen Forbes which will be found on our front page, for it was only on Tuesday of this week that the sister of the Earl of Craven was married to Mr. Ian Forbes. Lady Helen Forbes is an accomplished writer. Her first novel, "Katherine Cromer," was a great success, and was followed by "Notes of a Music Lover," which was a collection of short stories. Then came another novel, "His Eminence," which ran as a serial in the *Ladies' Field*. Lady Helen Forbes is also an enthusiastic dog-lover. Her collie, Ashdown Fighting Mac, took four firsts at the last Kensington Show.



GARDEN FURNITURE MADE BEAUTIFUL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your remarks, March 30th, about not oiling or varnishing oak garden seats, I was under the impression that one or other of these processes was necessary to preserve the wood. Will you kindly say if this is not so? Also do you know of any recent book on sundials?—E. W. STEAD.

[It is not in the least necessary for the preservation of oak, out of doors, that it should be oiled or varnished. The silver-grey tint that is generally admired is commonly the effect of weather acting on the wood in its natural state. No doubt even oak will last longer if kept oiled, varnished, or painted (that is to say, if the processes be renewed from time to time), but unless it is wished to get the black tint which oiling helps, none of these courses are to be advised. Varnished or painted oak loses all the beautiful character of the natural wood. On sundials the book, beyond all competition, is "The Book of Sundials," collected by Mrs. Scott Gatty, edited by H. K. F. Edenard Eleanor Lloyd, published by Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. Quite lately a fourth edition has been issued, bringing the fine work well up to date.—ED.]

### TWEED SALMON IN 1761.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are so very apt to think, and, perhaps, to distress ourselves out of measure with the thought, that our salmon stock is for ever diminished, in consequence of the recent cycle of bad years, that I should like, with your leave, to quote a few lines from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1788, which gives "An Original Letter to J. C., Esqre., London, on the Salmon Fishery on the Tweed." The date of the letter is October 30th, 1761, written from Berwick. It is a very long letter, and not a little interesting in many particulars; but, for our immediate purpose, it is especially interesting in what it says about the uncertainty, even then, of the salmon in the river: "The produce of this river is variable, being seldom two years alike, and for many seasons together unproductive, or the rents ill-paid; while another time, for many subsequent seasons, the salmon are remarkably plenty." I think this is a very timely and

comforting reflection for us, not only with regard to Tweed, but also to others of our rivers, that at this time, so long as nearly a century and a-half ago, there was the same outcry about the failure of salmon for many years in succession that we have now, and possibly the caprice of the fish may be as much the reason of their late failure as the surface draining, pollution, overnetting, or any of the causes that are pressed before the notice of the long-suffering Commission. On the average, this writer computes the salmon caught in the Tweed at that time as 208,000 (he makes no estimate of their weight) "exclusive of the gilts" (grilse) "and trout." It is to be observed that later on in his letter he distinguishes between salmon, salmon trout, or "whitling" (what we commonly call sea-trout now), and further says that there is another kind of trout, distinct from the "salmon trout," called the "bull trout," in the Tweed, which runs up to a dozen pounds, and is often sold for salmon in the London market, but its flesh is inferior. On the other hand, of the "whitling" he says, that "their flavour, when fresh taken and well dressed, is most delicious, and, I am told, much superior to any trout in this kingdom, the much-talked-of Fordwick trout of the Stour, near Canterbury, not excepted." His distinctions are interesting, though we may not agree with them, but neither, perhaps, would all his contemporaries. For us of to-day there is much consolation, as well as interest, in this old letter.—H.

## RIDING DOWN WOLVES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]  
SIR,—Referring to the incident recorded in your issue of March 30th, it may be of interest to mention that the late Major "Jack" Hanwell, R.F.A., who was killed at Vengersburg, on October 30th last, was one of the few men who have ridden down a wolf. He did this one day in April, 1890, when out pig-sticking near Meerut, after a long stern chase which left his mount much distressed. In the account of the late Mr. M. S. Symons's ride published by you, one curious feature has been omitted. When Mr. Symons had ridden a couple of miles, one of the three wolves, a female, swung to the right, came round, and closely followed Mr. Symons's horse for the rest of the run. He was unaware of her proximity, his attention naturally being fixed on the dog-wolf he eventually killed, and was told of the circumstance afterwards by his brother, Mr. H. S. Symons. Those who share Sir Walter Gilbey's opinion of the superiority of the small horse for hard work, may like to know that Woodpigeon was 14h. 2in.—E. D. CUMING.

## PLANTS FOR A GARDEN-BED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]  
SIR,—I am afraid you will think this rather trifling with you, but I know our ignorance in gardening matters and something of your wisdom, so I venture to ask your advice. I have a bed 7yds. long, and 4ft. or 5ft. wide, given me to use to the utmost for flowers. I should like the flowers to bloom this summer. The soil is rather chalky. There is a wall about 7ft. high which would shelter the bed from the sun about the middle of the day, at least I think it would. I am very anxious to plant a good many sweet peas, selecting from an excellent list which appeared in your paper some months ago. Could you advise me how to lay out the bed of ground so as to look really nice. I don't want altogether showy plants, but simple flowers which I could cut for use in the house. I am fond of such plants as narcissi, polyanthus, pansies, double daisies, lobelia, carnations, forget-me-not, sweet William, and evening primrose, but anything you suggest will be valuable. I suppose most of the above would not grow from seed, would they?—HERBERT ALLESON.

[It is a pity that you did not ask this question three months ago, as, of course, the time is rapidly passing away for sowing such homely things as you desire to have in your bed. We should certainly make a great point of sweet peas. Let these fill the centre of the bed, and do not sow too thickly. The seedlings should be about 4in. apart, and the flowers cut freely, as then a succession is maintained over the longest season possible. Cut every flower directly it has passed from the bud stage. At the margin of the bed we should plant tufted pansies, or violas as they are also called. Blue gown, Countess of Hopetoun, Sylvia, Duchess of Sutherland, Blue Cloud, and Archie Grant (intense blue) are good kinds. Of course you need not margin the entire bed with these, but groups here and there will be acceptable, and you may gather the flowers freely for the table. These you must get as rooted plants. Sow night-scented stock, blue cornflowers, coreopsis, white godetia, Gypsophila elegans, plenty of mignonette, the blue nemophila (near the margin), Nigella damascena (love-in-a-mist), Shirley poppies (very thinly, and cut the flowers when the buds are about half open), Phlox Drummondii salpiglossis (a graceful annual, about 3ft. high, and represented by many beautiful colours), scabious, tropaeolums (nasturtiums); and a very pretty idea would be to have some twiggy sticks, and let convolvulus and climbing nasturtiums ramble over them. You must indeed make a bed of annual flowers this year. Of course you can fill up with tender things, such as the single purple aster sinensis—but these should be plants, unless you have the means to raise the seeds at once in heat—plenty of stocks, heliotropes, pentstemons, and verbenas; but we repeat, we wish you had written sooner. You must without delay obtain the seeds from a good nurseryman, prepare the soil, and set to work at once.—ED.]



## A MUSICAL DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are always much interested in the photographs of dogs which appear in your delightful paper, and wonder if you would care to reproduce one of my Pomeranian, Boodles. She has a silky coat of wonderfully pure white, so white that I am continually asked by visitors to Harrogate possessing similar dogs if I use any magic powder or soap for washing. She is three years old, and has the most perfect health and dainty manners, is a capital house dog, disliking strangers bitterly, but is very affectionate towards her special friends. Boodles is intensely musical, and will sing in quite a pretty voice to one tune, i.e., "The Toy Monkey" from "The Geisha." She will listen quietly any length of time to all kinds of music, but immediately the first bars of this song are played will begin to sing, and continue to the end. Of course she sits up beautifully, shakes hands, and can walk on two legs almost as easily as on four, besides having many other clever tricks. As she has always had such splendid health, with clear bright eyes, sweet breath, and never a sign of distemper, perhaps some of your readers may be interested to know that the principal diet has been bread-and-butter with treacle made into a thin tempting sandwich, and milk-pudding. Meat is never allowed, except perhaps chicken and game sometimes.—FRANCES WHITWORTH.

## CURING DOG OF SHEEP-WORRYING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lately heard of a new plan—new to me, at least—of curing a dog of what is often deemed the incurable vice of sheep-worrying, and since I have seen one or two letters in your excellent paper asking advice and giving hints on the subject, I venture to communicate it, in the hope that it may be of service to some of your enquirers. The better-known modes of endeavouring to break a dog of this vice (apart from the obvious plan of beating him when he runs after sheep) are: First, to tie a sheepskin, with the fleece inwards, over his muzzled head; it annoys him, no doubt, greatly, and may give him a distaste for mutton ever after, but it does not often answer. The second way is to muzzle him and tie him up to an old ram, until the latter has butted all the courage, and love of mutton, out of him. This will generally answer for a time; but as soon as the dog gets his breath back he is apt to forget all about the butting and to be as bad as ever, unless he receives a serious injury, which is not unlikely. A better plan than either of these is the one that I have lately heard of, and I am assured by one who has seen it tried that, in one or two cases at least, it has proved efficacious. This plan consists in muzzling the dog, and then tying him up in the corner of the lambing-pen with the old ewes. They will go at him and but him, one after another, without, in all likelihood, doing him any great harm, but making life so unpleasant for him, that he will be apt to run the other way at his best speed when he sees a sheep ever after. One advantage, in addition, claimed for this plan over the tying up to an old ram is that in the latter case the dog may perhaps take a dislike not to sheep in general but only to the particular individual who has thus maltreated him. He may ascribe the outrages he has suffered to him alone, and though he may have a respectful awe in future of this particular specimen of the ovine kind, it does not follow that he will connect his chastisement with the sheep in general. But in this novel plan he has a succession of sheep going at him one after the other. He can hardly ascribe this to the malice of a particular individual, but must reckon all in the same category as instruments for his torture. At the least it seems a plan well worth trying before determining on the destruction of a valuable dog, which heretofore has been all that was left when the sheepskin over the face and the tying up to the old ram had been tried in vain.—H.

## A SNOW KING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]



SIR,—I enclose a couple of photographs of the fine St. Bernard Rex, the property of Miss Lilian Cope, Dove Park, Molton. In manners and temperament Rex is just as much a canine king as he looks. Born at Liscard Castle, he seems at all times fully conscious of the fact that only blue blood runs in his veins, and while he is always dignified and disdainful towards strangers who would fain pay court to his majesty, he is ever most gracious and loving to his fond mistress, upon whom all his deepest affections are lavished, and whom he worships with eyes that speak a devotion untellable in human language. It would be interesting to know if Rex's fondness for snow is a characteristic of most St. Bernards. As your readers will see for themselves, Rex looks on his snow

throne as though proclaiming, "I am native here and to the manner born." His delight after a snow-storm when he can bury his paws in the delicious, cool, yielding whiteness, or roll on the luxuriant snowy couch, is such as only a lover of dogs can understand. The other day a small patch of snow had remained unmelted in the shade of a garden wall. He came suddenly upon it with pleasurable surprise, and after patting it with his paws, he gave this last snow of winter a long parting look, and came away with evident regret. Like most of his race he is hyper-sensitive. He resents any want of respect, dislikes frivolity, and is positively dangerous to foolish people who would ridicule his grave airs; but to "those friends who walk with him and wish him well" he is serenely gracious. One wonders how far these traits are racial or to what extent they are individual.—W. P.

[We can only find space for one of the photographs.—ED.]